BEAVERBROOK: Birthday Card by VICKY

THE NEW

# STATESMAN AND NATION

## The Week-end Review

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# The Parliamentary Labourer and His Hire

THAT Members of Parliament should vote themselves a substantial increase of salary is anyway distasteful to the man in the street. That they should apparently have done so against the combined advice of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and *The Times* will probably alienate the sympathy even of "well-informed public opinion." Though the British people is wedded to representative institutions, it has, in recent years, been as grudging to its representatives as it has been generous to its monarchs; though it always values the freedoms of democracy, it too often suspects the motives of the party politicians on whom those freedoms depend.

The unanimous report of the all-party Select Committee, showed complete certainty about the need for an increase of pay. A most searching examination of the living conditions of Members had forced the Committee to three conclusions. In the first place, the average M.P. now spends £750, or three-quarters of his so-called salary, on legitimate Parliamentary expenses, leaving only £5 a week as a genuine salary. In the second place, a substantial minority — composed chiefly of Labour Members, but including a few Tories who have neither private means nor outside earnings—are now too impoverished to afford even a decent meal in the House, and many of them are running into debt. In the third place, those Junior Ministers who receive £2,000, but must also give up all outside earnings, including directorships, are among the hardest hit of all.

Since no one dared to argue—at least in public—that membership should again become a privilege confined to company directors, trade union officials and professional men with some private means, it was unanimously agreed that something had to be done. It was also unanimously agreed that the Select Committee had decided on the right amount, £500. All that was in dispute last Monday was whether this sum should be granted as an outright increase of salary or as a payment for expenses. The Labour Party, together with some 30 Tories—headed by Sir Robert Boothby, and including a remarkable number of young men from traditionally "ruling class" families—stood for the outright increase. Mr. Butler, speaking for the Cabinet, advocated the other solution, which had been put forward by a powerful group inside the 1922 Committee. On a free vote, the Labour proposal was carried by the unexpectedly large majority of 62.

We have no doubt that, on the narrow issue debated last Monday, the right decision was reached. Expense accounts are almost universally, and not unreasonably, regarded as a racket, which permits the business community to increase its expendable income by means just, but only just, short of tax evasion. For the House of Commons to have recourse to this kind of device in order to cover up an increase of salary would have been disgraceful. Moreover, it would have proved of most assistance to the tolerably well off, and not to the harder cases, where the living standard is so low that secretaries, motor-cars and such-like expenses are out of the question. An honest-to-God salary increase, on the other hand, will be of no benefit to the wealthy, since most of it will be taxed away. It will help precisely those who need help, namely, the increasing number of Members who are working full time in the House of Commons.

There are those, including the Editor of *The Times*, who deplore the emergence of the full-time politician and of the party machine, on whose favours he must inevitably be dependent. But, since no one has shown how, in the modern State, we can dispense with either, it is extremely disingenuous, to say the least of it, to oppose an increase of Members' salaries on these grounds. The blunt fact is that the 1922 Committee's proposal, which *The Times* described as "the only one worthy of support because it points in the right direction," really pointed in the direction of managerial oligarchy. There

have always been full-time Members of the House of Commons, but in previous generations they were men who could afford to devote their lives to public service because they came of wealthy families or had wealthy patrons. Without full-time politicians, Cabinets cannot be adequately manned and, in a democracy, there must be a real possibility for men and women without private means or business backing to devote their whole energies to the House of Commons. In our view, a salary of £1,500 is the barest minimum if we are to attract the right kind of people into full-time politics—and keep them there.

How seriously the situation has deteriorated since the war can be realised by studying the list of Labour candidates in winnable constituencies. In 1945, a considerable number of them were keen young Socialists without either trade union backing or private means. Now—partly owing to the increasing demands for subsidies from Members or candidates to the local Party funds, and partly to the inadequacy of the Parliamentary salary—this kind of candidate is rapidly disappearing. This problem, of course, affects both parties. Part of it—the danger that constituencies may be "purchased"—has already been dealt with by the Tory Party, which has forbidden any candidate or Member to contribute more than £50 a year to constituency funds or £50 towards election expenses. But, for an increasing number even of potential Tory politicians, the question of the Parliamentary salary remains decisive. What the House of Commons did last Monday may well be unpopular in the country, but it was an essential decision for the vigour and vitality of our representative institutions.

### Moves at Geneva

With deadlock on Korea seemingly confirmed by the North's refusal to accept U.N. supervision of elections, and the South's rejection of a "neutral" supervisory commission for the purpose, it is unlikely that more can be done at Geneva except to register in Plenary Session agreement to disagree. On the more important issue of Indo-China, all that can be said is that the willingness of both France and the Viet Minh to fall in with Mr. Molotov's suggestion and discuss "cease-fire" arrangements without reference, at the moment, to the political conditions which must later be written in to an armistice, gives limited encouragement. Mr. Dulles's guarded talk of American requirements before undertaking military intervention suggests that the French Government may draw the conclusion that they had better modify M. Laniel's quite unrealistic original proposals for the regrouping of forces in Indo-China on a "standstill." The Communists, in turn, presumably realise that, provided the "cease-fire" terms are a reasonable reflection of their present strong military position, they have nothing to gain by continuing hostilities: no one questions their ability to secure a majority of votes in Viet Nam if genuinely free elections were held. Willingness, however, to end the fighting is one thing, the conclusion of truce terms, which must obviously involve painful sacrifices of territory by the French, is another. Much will obviously turn on the outcome of next week's debate in the Assembly to which the French Government has reluctantly had to agree.

### The Lodging-turn Strike

There is no doubt that lodging turns, and above all double lodging turns, which involve a lot of idle hanging about, are very unpopular among locomotive engineers. So far as the Western Region dispute is concerned, both the trade unions involved had agreed to the changes to which their members object. Were they right to do so? Only the man on the spot really knows where the shoe pinches. One may, however, suspect that one reason for the extensiveness of the strike is that the loco-engineers, in common with other skilled grades on the railways, are in a state of smouldering discontent over the failure to agree on the promised revision of wage-differentials. The negotiations on this issue have, of course, nothing directly to do with lodging turns; but they have set up a mood of frustration and ill-temper which may well have contributed to the men's action in striking instead of making further efforts to get the new regulations modified by negotiation. Undoubtedly one reason for the unpopularity of the system is that it often involves not only absence from home, but also the parting of a driver from his own engine, to which he is strongly attached. On the face of the matter, some of the cases adduced by the strikers appear to involve unnecessary hanging about—for example, on the Bristol-Exeter run. But only the expert can tell whether this is really so. The sensible course would surely be to re-open the discussions, meet the men where this is practicable, and try urgently to break the deadlock in the negotiations over the wider issue of wage-differentials.

### Pressure on Guatemala

The news of a shipment of arms from Czechoslovakia to Guatemala has been used by Washington as a pretext for speeding up the dispatch of war material to the shaky (but "reliable") dictatorships of Honduras and Nicaragua. No approach has been made by the U.S. to Mexico, although that country is Guatemala's northern neighbour and has the longest common frontier. Mexico is one of the few Latin-American countries against which no charge of dictatorship can possibly be levelled; a less "reliable" ally, in fact. On a number of occasions since the war the U.S. has, under the guise of Hemispherical Defence, supplied arms to political factions of the Right in South America. The present Venezuelan dictatorship, for example, owes its existence to the U.S. military aid which helped to turn a lost election into an overwhelming, if unconvincing, triumph in 1953. Mr. Dulles, however, will have to think twice before allowing his protégés in Nicaragua and Honduras to start a war against Guatemala. Latin-American opinion is strongly sympathetic to the progress being made in Guatemala, as was demonstrated in the Caracas Conference, where the whole assembly gave the Guatemalan delegate a striking ovation after a speech attacking U.S. pressure politics in the Americas. Guatemala is not, in fact, specifically Communist, and the main sin so far committed by President Arbenz has been to carry out a moderate agrarian reform in the face of open opposition from the U.S. and the bitter hostility of the United Fruit Company of Boston, which dominates the industrial and commercial life of the territory.

### Fall in Regular Recruiting

The figures of recruitment to the Regular Forces for the first quarter of 1954, announced a fortnight ago by the Ministry of Defence, strongly reinforce the warning given by this journal on February 27 in a survey of Defence policy. The total of male recruits for the three Services is some 11 per cent. (or 2,566 men) less than that for the first quarter of 1953. That in its turn was 3,844 lower than the figure for the first quarter of 1952. Since it is statistically clear over a period of years that the first quarter of the year is the most favourable for regular recruiting, it is virtually certain that the results for the whole of 1954 will be even less satisfactory than those of 1953, and that the optimistic aim, embodied in the Defence White Paper, of 80,000 regular recruits in 1954 will fall short by at least 10,000. Even these figures, however, may be misleadingly optimistic. The significant figure is not the number of men who sign on, but the number of regular "man-years" recruited in any given year. A statistical calculation by the War Office of "man-years" recruited in 1950, '51, '52 and '53 (excluding Boys and Short Service Engagements) suggests that the net figures, after allowance has been made for the National Service liability which would otherwise have been incurred, were respectively 78,900; 107,900; 96,400; and 62,600. No doubt 1954 will turn out lower still. When this trend is seen in conjunction with the annual loss of man-power occasioned by the right given to long-service men under the current form of regular engagement to contract out every three years, it becomes clear that the present Defence Ministers have totally failed to solve the problem of regular recruiting.

### A Pause in the H-Bomb Tests

The United States has announced the suspension for this year of other atomic tests at the mid-Pacific proving ground. How many bombs were exploded has not been disclosed. The world, however, knows of three: the one on March 1 which caused the injuries to the Japanese fishermen on the *Fukuyu Maru*, a second on March 26 and a third on April 6. Simultaneously with the end of the tests, the U.N. received an urgent plea from the Marshall Islands. Their petition talked of the "lethal effects" which had already afflicted the inhabitants of two atolls, Rongelab and Uterik. Apart from the danger to themselves from "another miscalculation," the Marshall Islanders were concerned about the increasing number of islanders being removed from their homes and sent out of range. The U.N. was presumably reminded that these islands, of which the Americans make a proving ground, are in fact a trusteeship. Before the war, they were mandated territory held by Japan under the League of Nations. After the war, the U.S. claimed "strategical trusteeship," and in the recent tests established a proscribed "safety" zone of 450 miles radius around them. All that

Senator Lodge could say at the U.N. was that he was sorry for the victims and that there would be "no financial loss" for the displaced islanders. The petition is to be considered by the Trusteeship Council on June 1.

## PARIS

### The Socialists and E.D.C.

*Our Paris Correspondent writes:* Although events in Indo-China and Geneva have tended to drive E.D.C. from the headlines, the "Europeans" have nevertheless been proceeding steadily with their plans. True, last Tuesday, the M.R.P. were obliged to agree to a postponement of the preliminary debate which will decide a date on which the ratification debate itself is to be held. But in other respects they have made real progress. The Anglo-American guarantees have been duly signed, and delivered, together with a vague declaration from The Six about the setting up of a Political Authority, designed to satisfy the Socialists. Which Ministers in the signatory countries were responsible for signing this last document remains, as one intelligent Gaullist has pointed out, a mystery. Still, most of the pro-E.D.C. Socialists seem prepared to accept it at its face value. The only outstanding pre-condition is the Saar and here, despite the intransigent attitude on the part of the Right Wing of the Adenauer Coalition which the recent foreign policy debate in Bonn revealed, a compromise is in the offing.

More important, however, because it will have a direct influence on the voting in the Assembly, is the Extraordinary Congress of the Socialist Party, due to be held this week-end. At present, the divisions among the Socialist Deputies run as follows: 59, including most of the ex-Ministers, have signed an anti-E.D.C. manifesto; 29 have signed a pro-E.D.C. one, and 16 have refused to sign either. Even assuming, which is by no means certain, that all the 16 uncommitted Deputies swing round to the official Party line and vote for the Treaties, it is still unlikely that enough Socialist votes will be available to ensure ratification, provided that strict discipline is not enforced. This week-end, therefore, M. Mollet must obtain not merely a resolution endorsing the Party's official pro-E.D.C. policy, but a further vote authorising the executive committee to expel Deputies who vote against the Treaties. To judge by the resolutions adopted by local federations in the past few days, he seems likely to get both. Admittedly, there is great uncertainty on the part of the rank-and-file. The Bouches-du-Rhône federation, for instance, came out more strongly against a free vote than it did in favour of E.D.C.; while the Côte-d'Or federation accepted a free vote although it is almost unanimously pro-E.D.C. Two federations (Dordogne and Gard) reversed their previous decisions and came out against the Treaties, and others, while voting for the Treaties, added complicated riders about Indo-China. On the whole, however, the Mollet faction appears to have the upper hand. Most of the anti-E.D.C. federations are small and divided, and the three largest federations (Pas-de-Calais, Haute-Vienne and Nord) passed both the official resolutions by large majorities. In addition, M. Mollet can argue that the recent Pas-de-Calais bye-election—in which M. Camille Delabre, a prominent pro-E.D.C. Socialist, won a Communist seat by a large majority—showed that support of the Treaties is not, as some Deputies have maintained, an electoral handicap.

Whether a "disciplinary" motion, if passed, will prevent many of the 59 from voting against the Treaties is another matter, and some observers put the number who would defy the Party as high as 40. The Socialist Deputies themselves are naturally cautious, but the general feeling in the other parties is that Socialist discipline will prevail. This, at any rate, explains the M.R.P. attempt, last week, to postpone the vote of the Assembly Foreign Affairs Committee on the Treaties until after the Socialist Congress, in the hope that the latter would influence the voting of the Socialist members. The manœuvre was thwarted by a narrow majority, but that it should have been made at all is significant.

## ROME

### Italy and the Balkan Pact

*Our Rome Correspondent writes:* Cyrus Sulzberger, special correspondent of the *New York Times*, is beginning to be unpopular in official circles in Rome. Twice in recent weeks he has lifted the veil covering negotiations in the Adriatic and the Balkans: first, by inducing Marshal Tito to disclose an optimistic version of the Trieste partition terms offered him by the Allies, and last week by reporting a statement from Marshal Papagos favouring the proposed conversion into a military alliance of the Balkan Pact between Jugoslavia, Greece, and Turkey. The latter disclosure produced very energetic reactions in Rome, where Signor Piccioni, Italian Foreign Minister, had already told the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Chamber that such a modification should go before Nato, since Greece and Turkey were Nato members, and hinted that Italy would block the whole project until Trieste was settled to her own satisfaction. The Italian press described Marshal Papagos's statement as a "bombshell": but its contents had in fact been familiar in diplomatic quarters for some months, and it is believed that the future of the Balkan alliance was one of the subjects discussed between Mr. Menderes, the Turkish Prime Minister, and Signor Pella, during the latter's visit to Ankara in mid-November last year.

Palazzo Chigi ostensibly fears that such an alliance might be directed by Marshal Tito against Italy; and, in the Foreign Affairs Committee, Signor Cantalupo (Monarchist) declared that it was tending to squeeze Italy out of the politico-strategic organisation of the eastern Mediterranean, and even to reduce her role in Nato. He implied that this was the strategy of the Allies, and particularly of Britain. Certainly, the Allies have a clear interest in strengthening the Balkans and their Middle-Eastern bulwark, Turkey. Two months ago it was even rumoured that part of Nato's naval base at Leghorn might be transferred to the Adriatic. But the Balkan Pact, unlike the Entente of 1934, is obviously designed to resist attacks from the North and East; and while Jugoslavia's recent amenability towards Trieste partition may have been encouraged by Allied friendliness towards her Balkan aims and even her tentative approach to Nato, Marshal Tito himself has declared that he would welcome Italy's entry to the Pact once Trieste had been settled.

On the Trieste question itself, official Italian comment has been reserved and moderate; and even an unfortunate fishing-boat incident last week seems to have had only small repercussions. Partition is still opposed by the Vatican on religious grounds; and this is reflected in the recent emergency resolution passed by the Christian Democrats in Trieste. But semi-official comments on the gold dispute before The Hague World Court suggest that a more serious barrier between Jugoslavia and Italy is the latter's conciliatory attitude towards the Hodzha régime in Albania, long a thorn in Marshal Tito's flank.

## WESTMINSTER

### Poor Man's Lawyer

The two debates on Members' remuneration, scrupulously referred to as Members' allowances by Labour spokesmen and as salaries by Conservatives, are over. During the debates the front benches on both sides have been shown up, last week by the sincere intensity of Bob Mellish, and this week by the Welsh cadences of George Thomas, on the Labour Benches, and the robust knockabout oratory of Sir Robert Boothby for the Conservatives. From the front bench, Chuter Ede gave a long disquisition on the Parliamentary institution which sounded like the reminiscences of a retired headmaster giving a meeting of old boys the benefit of his wide reading. The House was not interested in personal reminiscence; it was concerned with the expression of personal hardship. Sir Hartley Shawcross, who spoke later from the Box, was also strangely inhibited from pleading penury. To be fair to Sir Hartley, he was not to blame for the unpopularity of his intervention. He accepted the brief as poor man's lawyer on the importuning of a group of members who were distressed at the vacuity of Chuter Ede's excessive quotation from ancient tracts. In the end he made such an effective plea to Conservatives to have the courage of their convictions and vote, that a number who had decided to abstain were irked by his arrogance and took their courage on both feet into the lobby against him. Neither the country nor the Tories are likely to be swayed by a succession of speeches on the lines of "I'm all right, Jack, but I take leave to speak for my poorer brethren." The poorer brethren did not want to be patronised by the advocacy of a man who says blandly that he spends more than their total income on his Parliamentary duties alone. Nor was anyone impressed by the Chancellor, who was concerned to saddle the Opposition with full responsibility for a salary increase. This duplicity was only slightly worse than the suggestion from the gallant Major Anstruther-Gray that Members be given free meals on a soup kitchen basis. The final note came the day after the debate from Norman Dodds, a Labour Member, who announced in the press that he will devote the whole of his increase, less tax, to the old age pensioners in his constituency. It is apparently now no longer enough to do good by stealth.

For the rest of the week we have been chopping, by application of the guillotine, through the committee stage of the Television Bill. This is another example of how to use Parliament in order to put a fair face on a bad intent. The pattern is to devote the preliminary stages of a Bill to the affirmation of sound principles and use the relative obscurity of the committee stage to ensure that the principles cannot be applied. The Government therefore rejected amendments which would have prevented the new supervisory Television Authority from becoming the plaything of the advertisers; they took away from the Authority power to provide studios and facilities for its own programmes; they gave commercial interests the right to give their own treatment to the news and to provide commercial programmes directed to the minds of children; they rejected (sadly, of course) amendments which sought to deny commercial advertisers the right to exploit religion or the Crown. In the main the Government's task fell upon Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, whose halting diction conveys an impression of great sincerity, and upon Mr. David Gammans, the Assistant Postmaster-General, whose diction is in no way halting.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

# A Far Eastern Munich?

We have already paid tribute to the skill and purpose of Mr. Eden's diplomacy at Geneva. Without that, it is improbable that the "restricted" talks on Indo-China would ever have got started. But popular endorsement of British statesmanship contains the danger that the public may be lulled into thinking that Mr. Eden's earnest good intentions have changed the situation in Indo-China. In fact they have not. While Mr. Eden pleads for sanity, the Viet Minh continue to mobilise their forces against the Red River Delta, and Mr. Bedell Smith and M. Bidault continue their discussions about further Western intervention.

In spite of some rather more reassuring news from Geneva this week, a complete stalemate of the Indo-China talks remains a distinct possibility. In that event, the fighting would go on; and, sooner or later, a further French military disaster would provide the U.S. with a temptation (or excuse) to intervene, which might prove exceedingly difficult for them to resist. The British attitude to such a situation must be left in no doubt. Britain must make it clear to the U.S. and, if necessary (painful though it would be) to Australia, that unless the neutral Asian nations were themselves to feel sufficiently threatened by events in Indo-China to join in intervention against the Viet Minh, there can be no British participation in a military enterprise which, however it was disguised in words, would, in effect, be an attempt either to reimpose by force French dominion over the people of Indo-China or to substitute for it the American (and more up-to-date) version of Pacific imperialism.

The possibility of a successful outcome to the Geneva Conference—a settlement endorsed by both China and the U.S.—cannot, of course, be as yet entirely discounted. The Viet Minh offer to recognise continuing French cultural and economic interests in Viet Nam means that a settlement, which would recognise the fact of a French military defeat while going some way to save the remnants of French prestige, remains just on the cards. It is made a little more likely if well-informed correspondents at Geneva are right in believing that the Viet Minh (and the Chinese) may be prepared to accept the independence from Viet Nam of Laos and Cambodia. The difficulty of such a settlement is, however, as we have previously pointed out, the degree of commitment which both the Americans and the French have already undertaken by their uncompromising words in the early days of the Conference; and it seems improbable that the Americans would be prepared to face the diplomatic setback of any substantial French evacuation, without a guarantee by their allies of the accompanying agreement. To such a guarantee, so long as it were part of a genuine settlement and so endorsed by the Asian Powers, Britain could properly adhere. If, as is perhaps more likely, Geneva ends without any general agreement on Indo-China, but with a mere cease-fire —covering a French withdrawal under military pressure of Viet Nam (or, for that matter, of Tonkin and Annam)—the American reaction to such a collapse would probably be to press on all the more urgently with the creation of a South-east Asian Treaty Organisation, to guarantee the rest of this region against Red encroachment.

In the event of any conclusion to Geneva which left Mr. Dulles feeling that he had suffered a diplomatic loss of face, the pressure on Britain to join such an organisation would be even greater than now. To refuse would certainly intensify the ill-will which exists at present between London and Washington, and might impose difficult stresses on our good relations with Australia. Nevertheless, a military organisation of the West, designed to counter or check the spread of Asian Communism, would be both foolish and dangerous, except on one condition. The condition is that it must be freely accepted by Asians themselves; and not merely by the puppets of the West, but by the sovereign and neutral nations of Asia—particularly by India. Unless that condition is fulfilled, it matters not whether the Americans seek to erect this new Iron Curtain as their side of a general agreement arising out of Geneva, or merely as their political reaction to a French collapse. It matters not where precisely they decide to draw the line. British participation in such a commitment without the Indians would mean, in the first place, a military guarantee as incapable of fulfilment as was Mr. Chamberlain's guarantee of Poland; and, in the second place, it would commit this country to membership of a military organisation designed to impose a White hegemony on Asian people.

Put shortly, British policy must be to refuse entanglement in the power politics of Asia, except in consort with the Indians; and, at the same time, to use every possible influence in favour of a French evacuation of Indo-China and a settlement which is endorsed by China. Is a policy of this kind, as so many Tories are beginning to believe, the equivalent of a Far Eastern Munich? Is Mr. Eden correctly seen by British newspapers of the extreme Right as a latter-day Neville Chamberlain? We believe not.

The Munich Agreement was disastrous because it was a surrender to the threat of military force and nothing more. Today, at least in Asia, Communism does not have to be imposed by Red armies. Whereas Nazism was merely the political expression of German militarism, Communism, to millions of Asians, offers the hope of health and literacy and fuller bellies. The rapidity of its growth is at least partly a measure of the failure by the Western imperial powers to create for their Colonial people the conditions of life without which democracy becomes a mockery. Asian Communism cannot, thus, in the long run, be countered by arms. Nor should the attempt be made. We have always opposed military aggression by the Chinese or any other Power. But, equally, we can defend neither French colonialism in Indo-China nor the feudal archaism of Siam.

There is a further and all-important military reason why an agreement with the Chinese over Indo-China should not be regarded as a Munich. It is clear that a limited "Korean-style" war in Indo-China is not possible. Even in the peculiar geographical conditions of Korea, an enormous military effort by the Western Powers could not force a victory. But in Indo-China, were such an effort to be mounted (and anything less than ten or twelve infantry divisions could have no more than local effect on the situation), the interior lines of communication which the Communists would enjoy would be pretty well bound to ensure that a war, confined to Indo-China, would be lost by the West. Supposing, then, an American intervention to have taken place with all the attendant risks to the Administration in domestic politics, could Washington possibly permit the venture to end in defeat? Mr. Dulles, at any rate, is far too shrewd to suppose so. He realises well enough that no U.S. intervention of this sort would be possible unless it were accompanied by an all-out attack on the Chinese. American intervention in Indo-China carries with it, we believe, the very gravest risks of a full-scale war between the U.S. and China. Once that happened, it would be difficult to check the drift into a general war involving all the Powers.

The real danger facing British policy is not that of conniving at a Munich: the circumstances, both military and political, are totally different. The danger is that we may find ourselves landed with the impossible commitment of a post-Munich guarantee like that of Poland in 1939. It is for this reason that British policy in South-east Asia must march with that of India. To argue so, is not to kow-tow to Mr. Nehru; it is to recognise soberly that in South-east Asia it is India which is the Commonwealth Great Power. Neither settlements nor guarantees which are not backed by India can have either political or military reality. There is, in this situation, a risk of dissension inside the Commonwealth—the risk, put bluntly, that a Government of the Right in Australia may prefer to follow Washington rather than align itself with a London-Delhi axis. That risk has to be faced. We believe that the constructive purpose of the Commonwealth, in the modern world, is not to constitute itself as the most exclusive White club within the American sphere of influence, but to serve as the link between the free nations of Asia and the West. If the Commonwealth should permit itself to divide on the issue of White domination of Asians, Britain will be fulfilling her historic duty by standing firm with her Asian partners.

# Society and the Good-time Girl

Her label, like many of those applied to human beings, is apt to mislead. It suggests that she can be identified by a universal wish, and that those who bear it resemble each other. In fact, the girls, between 14 and 17 years of age, who are seen loitering late at night near Service Camps and in the streets and cafés of our large towns (or who appear in our Juvenile Courts as Beyond Control or in need of Care or Protection) are no more like each other than are Grammar School girls of the same age. Their I.Q.s vary from the near defective to the very high grade. Psychiatric reports indicate marked differences in temperament and character, while even a superficial conversation in Court reveals significant variation in interests and attitudes. Nevertheless, these girls have in common certain characteristics which

cause the police, probation officers and other social workers to place them in the same category of delinquents.

Those found in the streets or cafés late at night are usually without means of support, save those which may be provided by boy or girl friends. Many of them have had sexual experience. If still of school age, they are backward educationally, even though their I.Q.s may be average or above. If nominally at work, they are unsatisfactory employees with a marked disinclination to settle down to one job. Most significant of all, they do not accept the social code that governs the behaviour of the majority of girls of their age. They do not count the cost of their actions. Fears of V.D., pregnancy, probation homes, Approved Schools, of exploitation by the men or boys with whom they associate, do not keep them out of potentially dangerous situations. Further, although few are ever likely to commit serious offences and most, in varying degrees, display affection and kindly impulses, their paths are strewn with incompleted tasks, inaccurate statements, broken promises and a litter of forgotten dates.

Society's responsibility to these girls is difficult to define in exact terms. To protect them from exploitation; to ensure that in later years they do not themselves exploit other people or become the irresponsible mothers of problem children or the unhappy inmates of our institutions—to achieve these ends without interfering unduly with their civil liberties—this would seem to be the goal to keep in view. As the law stands now, a girl under 17 can be brought before a Juvenile Court as "beyond control," or "in need of care or protection," and, if the case is proved, the Bench has a number of alternative ways of dealing with her. It can put her under supervision in her own home. As her parents have already failed to control her and since homes cannot be transformed overnight, this alternative may be rejected. It can place her, with her consent, under supervision in an Approved Hostel, from which she will go out to work. This plan has obvious advantages and less obvious, but potent, drawbacks. Most of the hostels are in or near towns. Girls' hearts, like homes, cannot be changed overnight. Probation officers and hostel superintendents cannot act as nursemaids or private detectives. It is not surprising, therefore, that many of the girls fail to keep their side of the contract.

A third course which can be adopted is to place the girl—again with her consent—in an Approved Home, in which she will live and work for not more than a year under closer supervision than can be given in a hostel. The difficulties are obvious. She may acquiesce—though very often she does not—to the restrictions on her liberty; but if, as is probable, she found satisfaction in her former way of life, the discipline of the Home—the segregation with members of her own sex, the demand that she shall be clean, punctual, polite, co-operative, industrious—is likely to make the Home appear more like a penal establishment than a place to inspire her to adopt a new way of life. An Approved School, to which a Court also has the power to send her, presents the same difficulties, although it can usually offer more occupational opportunities, greater choice of companionship and, in some schools, a more imaginative approach to her problem.

Finally, if no other course seems feasible, a Court may set in motion a train of events leading ultimately to certification under the Mental Deficiency Acts. Some girls in our M.D. institutions are known to have Intelligence Quotients well within the normal range. Others, whose I.Q.s appear to be between 40 and 60 when tested inside an institution, have been shown to be no worse than a poor average when given the opportunity to live more normal lives. The possibility of certifying as M.D. a problem girl of normal intelligence is due to the ambiguity of the 1927 Mental Deficiency Act, which defines mental deficiency as *a condition of arrested or incomplete development of mind existing before the age of eighteen years, whether arising from inherent causes or induced by disease or injury*. Girls who barely know of the existence of Parliament, let alone its Acts; who have exasperated to breaking point well-intentioned social workers; who are always a great nuisance and sometimes a social danger; who are without relatives able to help them, have little chance—without either a well-defined yard-stick or an experienced lawyer—of demonstrating that their minds are not in some sense incompletely developed. Once they are certified, their chances of de-certification are slender; and the more obstreperous they become inside an institution, the greater the chance that they will be treated as imbeciles, until ultimately they become, to all outward appearances, as defective as they were presumed to be when they were certified.

Two difficulties arise in the treatment of nearly all problem girls. The first is that, although they may have been a source of anxiety to their parents and teachers for many months or years, they are unlikely to be offered skilled help until they have become relatively set in their anti-social ways. Their parents have failed to seek advice at an early stage—perhaps because they were indifferent, but more often because they were no better equipped than their daughters to cope with the responsibilities of the modern world. Teachers, struggling with classes of forty or fifty, have little time to spare for maladjusted pupils; whilst special schools for maladjusted children are so few in number that many head teachers feel that it is a waste of time to put children on the waiting lists. Smaller classes, tighter application of school attendance regulations so that problem children cannot be absent from school for many weeks or months without medical certificates to cover them, and an adequate provision of schools for maladjusted children, would make it possible for the symptoms of maladjustment to be dealt with in the pre-adolescent child. That would reduce the number of problem adolescents and adults who come before the Courts.

The second difficulty is that we have so little to offer these girls in exchange for their chosen way of life. From the girl's point of view, it is not reasonable to expect her to live in her own drab home or a hostel; to work 44 hours a week in a factory or shop; to avoid promiscuous sex relations, when both her fantasies and her own observations of West End life suggest that there is within her reach excitement, glamour and easy money. To deprive the girl of all that she values in the real world, merely strengthens her fantasies so that she becomes more unfitted than ever to cope with her problems. Society's dilemma to-day is that, if the good-time girl is left to her own devices, she will not only be a great public nuisance and expense, she will probably produce children who, deprived of the affection and security of a stable home, will themselves become social misfits. If, on the other hand, existing laws are stretched so that she can be "put out of harm's way"—though she be neither mentally defective nor a hardened delinquent—she will be deprived of the liberties upon which a civilised society is built. The Royal Commission on Mental Treatment and Deficiency has the opportunity and the obligation to deal with this dilemma.

MARY STEWART

# London Diary

ALL those who have met Billy Graham personally (including some who share my profound scepticism of all evangelical revivals), seem to agree that he is a young man of great charm, modest in manner, sincere, and apparently simple in spite of his mastery of the technique of mass hypnosis. He is also sensible and tactful. In America, where big business happily puts up the funds for his mission, part of his message was the wickedness of Socialism; this, it will be recalled, was explained away as a misprint of "Secularism" when he realised that, according to the current American definition, most British Conservatives, as well as all the Labour Party, would be classified as "Reds." He has won over the Archbishop and other Church dignitaries who, on his arrival, would not risk the starch in their lawn sleeves by touching him. His manner is quiet and his effect gained without hysteria; his meetings are not like those of the Holy Rollers where women used to have orgiastic fits on the ground. The figure of 1,700,000 people who have heard him speak no doubt includes many who have been counted several times over, and the majority of them may have been church-goers already. But tens of thousands of lapsed Christians have undoubtedly been converted. It says much for Graham's practical sense that once they have come forward and "accepted Jesus," they have been told to go to their own churches and not enrolled in any new movement. Thus Dr. Graham has avoided the danger of creating jealousy among Church leaders. He adds, very wisely, that it will be two years before anyone can tell how genuine the conversions are.

* * *

The only remark of Dr. Graham's that made me wonder what was meant by his "simplicity" was his statement to the press last Sunday that his crusade was not based on showmanship or "super-organisation," but on "supernatural doing" for which the credit belongs to God. An American friend who has watched Dr. Graham's team at work in the United States as well as here, tells me that his impression is that at least some of the credit must go to excellent staff work. Mr. Barrows, who acts as the Master of Ceremonies at his meetings, is, he says, "always a bit too smooth, too much like the all-night disc-jockeys in America who, because they are cheerful at all hours of the day and night, very soon develop smiles in their voices." On the platform during the prayers and hymns, Dr. Graham's aides can be seen pointing at different parts of the Stadium, directing the lights and other accessories which play so important a part in the process of conversion. The technique itself is familiar. Dr. Graham appeals to that sense of guilt which almost everyone feels, and conveys to his audience the assurance that they have only to profess Christ to feel safe and light-hearted in a world of sin and danger. There is no social content in this conversion. It is part of the reaction of our day towards personal salvation as against the over-emphasis of Marxism on the power of environment to change human beings. My American friend adds that the basis of this appeal lies in simplicity and repetition. Evangelical preachers knew this before the advertisers who have perfected the technique and passed it back to Billy Graham. As my friend puts it:

> The basic tenets of advertising in America are: make it short, make it simple, repeat it so often that people can't forget it. The advertisers' slogans for soap and cereals and the rest of it bombard our ears until they become part of the very air we breathe. I was, in fact, listening to a well-

organised form of religious advertising, which was deliberately designed to play on people's fears and psychological misgivings.

To which one enthusiast for Dr. Graham added: "True; but why not? Why leave to the Devil all the best tunes? What's wrong about advertising God?"

* * *

It is too soon yet to know whether Ed Murrow's televised attack on McCarthy marked the turning point in American opinion. But since Murrow's programme on March 9 the tide seems to have been running strongly against the Senator. I have just read an analysis of the many thousands of letters that Ed Murrow received in the first fortnight: they ran about ten to one in his favour. He also seems to have helped those who are circulating anti-McCarthy petitions, for I see that Leroy Gore—the Sauk City editor who wants the voters of Wisconsin to recall their junior Senator—has already collected nearly a third of the 400,000 signatures State law requires. Then there is the success of the special issue of the *Progressive*, that excellent monthly magazine that is published right on McCarthy's doorstep in Madison, Wisconsin. Its editor, Morris Rubin, has long put up a courageous fight in the radical tradition of the La Follettes, and his April issue was devoted entirely to a full and hard-hitting exposure of McCarthy's seamy history. By the end of the month, at least 200,000 copies had been sold. One news-stand distributor had to take six times his original order of 10,000, and I hear that the *Progressive* has been receiving about one thousand letters a day. It is obvious that there is a vast demand for ammunition to fire off at McCarthy and his local adherents. A poll taken by a Rhode Island newspaper shows that since the hearings began on the McCarthy-Army feud, most of the "don't knows" have swung against McCarthy, and that his supporters are now in a definite minority. It looks as though ordinary Americans have at last begun to stand and fight.

* * *

I have often heard French people refer to the Laos as happy children. According to this view all they need is a good king, good princes, a few reasonable taxes, enough to eat and time to play the *khène* and sing songs to their lovers. (The *khène*, by the way, is made of bamboo tubes, like a bundle of organ pipes fastened together, and is peculiar, as far as I know, to the Laos who play it like a flute.) This picture of contented care-free people is similarly applied to the Siamese, who, like the Laos, are Thais and Buddhists. But this of course is only part of the story. A friend of mine who knows the leader of the Laos Resistance Movement, Prince Souphanouwong, tells me that this idyllic picture is often resented as colonial propaganda. The Prince studied in Hanoi and is a qualified engineer. His brother has worked out a plan for developing the mines and forests and waterfalls of Laos, with forty-year concessions and the majority of the stock held by the Laos Government. The Cambodians are, like the Laos, Thais and Buddhists, proud of their Khmer art of which Anghor Wat provides the most famous example. Both peoples are very different from the Vietnamese, racially and culturally, for Cambodia and Laos were influenced by India, whilst Viet Nam owes much to China. Only the common aim of independence has brought the three peoples together in the Joint National United Front of Viet Nam, Cambodia and Laos.

* * *

Now that books by discharged prisoners are getting into more and more publishers' lists, there seems a special value in the all-too-rare appearances of the *Howard Journal*, the organ of the Howard League for Penal Reform. The latest number (price 2*s.* 6*d.* from the League's offices at Parliament Mansions, S.W.1) offers an excellent example of informed criticism bringing an emotionally involved problem into clear focus. The picture is not only of what happens inside our prisons but of what the Prison Commissioners are avowedly trying to achieve. The emphasis is on rehabilitation, a process which ought to begin as soon as the offender is received into prison; and if the current spate of prisoners' memoirs could be disregarded in all other respects, at least they show clearly that what happens on reception into prison is not the beginning of a process of rehabilitation. Mr. Hugh Klare, the League's secretary, writes the first of a group of articles calling for the appointment of a professional social worker in every prison. "Compared with the rehabilitation of these men," he says, "the treatment of ex-prisoners of war might seem child's play; much better human material than ordinary prisoners, ex-prisoners of war nevertheless had such difficulties in readjusting themselves from prison camp life to ordinary life that special units had to be set up to help them over the worst." The Maxwell Report urged last summer that a trained social worker in every prison should replace the present Welfare Agent of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society; but the Home Secretary has said that this must "await the considered view of the D.P.A.S.s themselves." I can guess what these are likely to be, and hope they are not to be the determining factor.

* * *

Reports current in Vienna that the Hungarians have set up a secret school to train cricketers are without any foundation. These rumours are merely another move in the Cold War, designed to disrupt Anglo-Pakistan relations at a critical moment.

CRITIC

## SEVEN TO ONE

England swamped by goal-crazy Hungarians.—*Daily Mirror.*

English football has met disaster,
  Beaten at Budapest!
Maddened Magyars they could not master,
Hungary's team was finer, faster,
English football admits disaster—
  A crushing defeat for the West!

Hungary's football-fans ecstatic
  Witnessed their faultless play.
Hungary's victory was dramatic,
England's passing appeared erratic,
Magyars played with verve fanatic,
  In a very un-English way.

English football, although dejected
  By another reverse at Basle,
Never this total collapse expected;
Switzerland's prowess was unsuspected,
But it was Hungary who effected
  The death-blow to English morale.

Hungary's mood of fierce aggression
  The free footballer shocks—
Seven goals scored in swift succession,
Show Hungarian sports aggression,
And England is moaning in deep depression,
  "Soccer must pull up its socks!"

Once in Europe's events competing,
  England was second to none,
But now her team has taken a beating
English football is seen retreating,
Her football fans, in a daze, repeating,
  *"Seven! Seven to one!"*

SAGITTARIUS

## THIS ENGLAND

**Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.**
**Paste entries on a POSTCARD.**

If and when the Pullman Car Company is absorbed into the State monopoly, it is feared that the last remaining incentive to travel by rail will be removed.—Letter in *Manchester Guardian*. (John Coope.)

Mr. Philip Jackson, boss and founder of the firm, said, "Of course, the girls cannot sing at work. They have a job to do. I don't care if the strike goes on for three months.

"The unions are as big a curse to this country as Hitler was to Germany."—*Daily Express*. (R. B. Evans.)

Student urgently wants room, gas fire and ring, six months or longer, preferably with serious, but anti-Marxist family (food reform, no trains, no medical students).—Advert. in *N.S. & N.* (Mrs. H. Morris.)

A sub-normal school should introduce a little life to the salubrious, select and quiet environs of Waterloo Park.—*Crosby Herald*. (R. E. Manley.)

# African Turning Point

[In this article, Basil Davidson sums up the impressions of recent African journeys described in these columns]

SOMEWHERE about a century ago David Livingstone reached Luanda, on the Angolan coast, and thereby ended his two years of tramping across central Africa. But for one or two Portuguese, no European had ever before seen the countries he had passed. And then, instead of taking ship for England and the rest he greatly needed, with an epic simplicity Livingstone turned his back on the sea and returned the way he had come.

He turned back because he had promised not to desert his friends in the interior. "As far as I am myself concerned," he wrote afterwards, "the opening of the new central country is a matter for congratulation only in so far as it opens up a prospect for the elevation of the inhabitants. As I have elsewhere remarked, I view the end of the geographical feat as the beginning of the missionary enterprise. I take the latter term in its most extended signification, and include every effort for the amelioration of our race." Pursuing the same line of thought some fifty years later, another disinterested traveller, Mary Kingsley, could still praise the civilising influence of "our great solid under-stuff—the Merchant Adventurers."

The thought was justified by the ravaged Africa they found. Since then—although with means and ends which Livingstone and Mary Kingsley could scarcely have foreseen—"Christianity and Commerce" have completed the destruction which the slave trade began. The relatively stable, peaceful, and balanced societies which Africans had constructed before the slave trade—societies already badly shaken in Livingstone's day—have practically ceased to exist. Even in remote parts of the Congo the economic basis of tribal life—subsistence "farming"—is practically a thing of the past. Even the Batwa, the pygmies, are tending to leave the forest and establish settled villages which are more and more touched by outside influence.

The last ten or fifteen years have witnessed an urban revolution for nearly all these otherwise varied peoples. There is scarcely a town which has failed to double or treble its population since about 1940; and many of the larger towns have

quadrupled their population. Not less than a quarter of all the people of the Congo are now more or less permanently established in towns, live outside their tribal society, know the beginnings of a fully urban culture. "The problem of the hour," a Belgian writer said lately of Doula in the French Cameroons, "is that of an emergent proletariat . . . the countryside grows empty." The statement can be generalised. In 1940 Léopoldville had about 45,000 African inhabitants: in 1954 it has nearly 250,000. Elizabethville in the far interior of the Congo, Salisbury in Southern Rhodesia, Nairobi, Johannesburg, Dakar . . . all these and many others show a growth not much less rapid and irreversible.

Irreversible because, in contrast with the past, these Africans who have come to town have little or nothing to return to in an impoverished countryside: because they are increasingly absorbed into industry, into the habits of urban life, into a modern world that is utterly estranged from their tribal past. If they bring with them many of their old loyalties, rituals, beliefs, these all undergo a weird transformation, lose their social point, degenerate into money rackets, shrink to the status of mere "ancestral superstitions." Everywhere, but for rare exceptions, tribalism is dead or is fast dying.

With this urban revolution—industrial revolution—the African scene profoundly changes. Nearly five hundred years after Diogo Cão cast anchor in the waters of the Congo estuary, the fertilising stimulus of the outside world has at long last, however brutally, done its work. For the colonialists, the root problem of administration is no longer to find means of forcing rural Africans into wage employment: it is to accommodate and give work to millions of Africans who have voluntarily turned their back on village life. "Coercion is no longer necessary," Father van Wing, Jesuit doyen of Belgian Africanists, was writing in 1951. "Young people, and even children, flock freely into the towns."

In face of this continental upheaval, the "trusteeship" of colonialism loses for Africans its last moral and material *raison d'être*. The colonialist process of shifting millions of Africans out of their tribal life into a world where they may eventually stand equal with the rest of humanity has been brutal and disgusting, but also necessary. Tribal Africa, isolated in its solitudes, needed the fertilising influence of a more highly organised society: it needed the civilisation which Livingstone saw in terms of "Christianity and Commerce." And it could get it only through an urban culture. Long deferred by European greed, stupidity and violence, this culture is at last emerging. It is emerging much faster than anyone could have predicted even a dozen years ago.

Well-meaning Europeans who still believe in the beneficial wisdom of European "trusteeship" may care to ponder on a few of the more flagrant obstructions which this very "trusteeship" now places in the way of African advance. The extreme cases are of course easily seen, and are admitted by all but racialist fanatics: it is clear that Mau Mau is a function of intolerable frustration of all reasonable and constructive African advance, and equally clear that the gangsterism of African Johannesburg falls into the same category. But many cases are not "extreme."

In Northern Rhodesia, the Bemba and other African peoples have won the right to organise in genuine trade unions. Across the border, in the Congo, these same peoples are prevented from doing this. Reversing the comparison, African workers in the Congo suffer from no industrial colour bar (at any rate at the work-bench level); in Northern Rhodesia, the colour bar is rigid. In Brazzaville, on one side of Stanley Pool, "French Africans" have won the right to vote, combine in political parties, hold meetings, more or less freely discuss their future. In Léopoldville, on the other side of Stanley Pool, "Congo Africans" have no political rights of any kind—and it is only this year, indeed, that Belgians have plucked up courage to introduce a first timid instalment of municipal self-government. In the Congo, Africans are allowed and even encouraged to become urban house owners. They can build their own houses in town, sometimes with money lent them by the administration; or they can pay African contractors to build houses for them. Yet in Southern Rhodesia, another colony where industry grows rapidly, government and politicians hold that "Africans are not yet sufficiently mature to enjoy freehold tenure"—and hesitate to allow them leasehold tenure for more than a handful of years.

From British and French West Africa many thousands of Africans have gone to European universities. No more than eleven Congo Africans have ever been allowed so much as to visit Europe—unless by stowing away on steamers at Matadi. In South Africa there may be as many as forty African doctors of medicine: in the whole of British Central Africa there is not a single one—unless we count Dr. Hastings Banda, who has never practised there. Over four million Africans in the Gold Coast enjoy universal suffrage, and another thirty millions in Nigeria and perhaps two-thirds as many again in French Africa enjoy taxpayer's suffrage: in Southern Rhodesia fewer than 500 Africans have the vote, in Northern Rhodesia no more than five individuals, and in Nyasaland none at all.

These peoples vary widely in their languages, their customs, their tribal organisations. Yet it cannot be seriously argued that they vary much in terms of their striving for full entry to the modern world. Can it be really said that the peoples of the Gold Coast are "more mature" for self-government than the others? The essentially representative character of tribal government in the Gold Coast is well known. Yet it was of one of the peoples of upland Angola that a Portuguese writer observed disgustedly in 1837 that: "The government of Bailundu is democratic. These heathen mix with the infamous humiliations of the orientals, the unbridled coarseness of the English people at election time in England. The kings defer to and flatter their counsellors: these are they who elevate a king to the throne and also cast him down." Vulgar, no doubt, and noisy: but also representative. *Vox Populi* was not a European invention.

If it was possible to argue great differences in African fitness for self-government, trade unions, and the rest, so long as most Africans remained within a tribal framework, it is difficult to argue this now. The problems and capacities of an African engine driver in the Congo are no different in kind from those of an African mine-worker in Ashanti. Over the last fifteen years an urban revolution has not only completed the ruin of tribalism: it has also unified Africans in a direct and obvious manner that was never possible before. Millions of them, and perhaps most of their younger generations, have crossed or are crossing the threshold of the modern world: they face everywhere the same kind of problems of transition, and everywhere these problems are the obstructive product of a colonial system which can no longer help them forward.

Any carefully factual examination of these African countries to-day will show that in all of them, in varying degree, there is crying need for an entirely new kind of contact between Africa and the rest of the world—a contact which shall bury the destructive period of colonialism and introduce a constructive period of equality and mutual aid. The struggle for this new kind of contact will be one of the great events of the second half of this century.

BASIL DAVIDSON

# Sick or Widowed

SICKNESS offers no economic threat to most white-collar workers. If they are ill at home or in hospital for three and four weeks, for as many months in some cases, their salaries continue, and since the advent of the National Health Service they have no need to fear the doctor's bill. For the wage-earner, however, anything more serious than a touch of 'flu may mean that savings are run down, that the family must face a period of hardship and may even run into debt. Chronic sickness certainly leads to poverty, unless the man has a wife or children who go out to work and supplement the meagre income he receives as sickness benefit.

Most illnesses, fortunately, are short. Though the nation as a whole loses an immense amount in goods and services every year through sickness, the majority of the million people who on average are drawing sickness benefit are off work for less than two weeks. That is why less than one-fifth of them find it necessary to turn for additional help to National Assistance. They have enjoyed steady earnings over the rest of the year; they expect soon to be getting a normal wage again; and for a week or so they can make sufficient small economies to manage on their benefit, income-tax refund and, perhaps, a payment from a friendly society. Yet, even so, one sick worker in six finds it necessary to claim Assistance, and many more who do not resort to the N.A.B. find that a spell of sickness creates financial difficulties for the rest of the year.

During the winter, some 2,800 people in St. Helens were drawing sickness benefit; about a quarter of these were also receiving an additional grant from National Assistance, and the N.A.B. was also making payments to another 450 sick persons who, for a variety of reasons, were not entitled to the insurance payment. Mr. Robinson, who suffers from asthma, tried to manage without Assistance; he only applied for it when he had had a very long spell off work. Since Christmas he had so far had two separate fortnights at home. When this happened, he had to support his wife and two children on sick benefit, one family allowance and a grant from his friendly society, which together gave him an income of 85*s.* 6*d.* a week. Of this, 17*s.* 6*d.* went on rent; hire-purchase—he was married six years ago and is still furnishing his house—took another 12*s.* 6*d.* ("I haven't yet fallen into arrears," he told me, "but furniture is a millstone round my neck.") Household expenses, coal and light, insurance and personal sundries brought the total up to 50*s.*, leaving only 35*s.* 6*d.* for all the family's food, or about 15*s.* a week less than is needed to buy the minimum diet that Mr. Seebohm Rowntree thinks necessary to meet the B.M.A. standard of nutrition. When Mr. Robinson is only off work for two weeks or so, this is not quite as bad as it sounds, because his wife has learnt from experience to stock up on non-perishable foods when he is bringing home his normal wage of £7 15*s.* and they draw on this stock when Mr. Robinson has one of his bouts.

The family's position, obviously, would be far worse if Mr. Robinson were ill for several weeks on end. Even as it is, when he is ill, nothing can be put aside for clothing, holidays, household equipment or any extras.

I talked to three men who had been ill for more than three months. All of them were drawing Assistance, though in two cases their wives had part-time domestic work. All three families were spending too little on food, and each of them was reaching the point where they were worrying how to find money for clothes, especially for the children. In all three cases repair and replacement of the children's shoes was a great strain. One of the men was on a diet, and he said that though his Assistance payment had taken this into account, "there's a lot of expenses with illness that just run away with the money." It was quite clear from my interviews that the present flat-rate benefit may be just enough to stop the gap caused by casual sickness, but it is totally inadequate to keep a family out of poverty; the longer the illness lasts the greater the need, and the more desperate the dependence on Assistance. I felt a good deal of sympathy with the argument, put to me strongly by a social worker, that both sickness and unemployment benefits should be on a rising scale. "In the first weeks without wages," she said, "a family can at a pinch postpone some of the demands made on it. But it cannot postpone them indefinitely, even if it tries to adjust to a lower standard of living. It is just unrealistic for our social security scheme to treat the tenth or twentieth week on the same basis as the first."

Widows are another social group which is hard hit by the falling value of benefits. Mrs. Smith is forty-two. Since her husband died last year she has been supporting herself and two children by part-time office cleaning, for which she is paid £2 12*s.* 6*d.* Her widowed mother's allowance, plus one family allowance and a payment of 2*s.* 6*d.* for the elder child, bring her a total income of 106*s.* She was the only person I came across who had worked out on paper a rudimentary household budget. "Unless I've got this to go by," she said, "I just can't make the money go round." She kept four pots in a cupboard, into which she put her income at the week-end, divided in this way: *House*, 42*s.* Of this, 17*s.* went on rent, 7*s.* on coal, 4*s.* on electricity, 5*s.* on hire-purchase, 2*s.* 6*d.* on insurance, and the remainder on sundries. *Herself*: 10*s.* Her fares were 2*s.* 6*d.*, one packet of cigarettes a week cost 2*s.* 7*d.*, one visit to the cinema 1*s.* 5*d.* She set aside 4*s.* for incidentals, such as cups of tea at work, stockings and underclothes. She had spent nothing on dresses, coats or shoes since her husband died, and was unable to make any provision for them. *Children*: 12*s.* She paid 7*s.* 6*d.* of this into a clothing club, but thought that this was insufficient to keep pace with wear and tear. Shoe repairs were allocated another 1*s.* 6*d.*, sweets 1*s.* 6*d.*, and she tried to put 2*s.* 6*d.* a week aside for day trips to the sea in summer and other amusements. The children got free meals and milk at school. Mrs. Smith's fourth pot was for *Food*. Into this she put 42*s.* a week.

Anyone who believes that poverty has been abolished in the Welfare State should look closely at this budget. This is how a careful housekeeper manages to keep herself and two children on 106*s.* a week. She succeeds because it is less than a year since her husband died, but with every month that passes she slides deeper into poverty. Mrs. Smith still has a nice home; the children are kept neat; the family, she claims, has enough to eat. She said: "If I thought the kiddies were going short, I'd give up my cigarettes and cinema. But that's all I have for myself these days." One fear dominates her mind: "What will happen if I get sick?" Even when she is working, she only just makes ends meet from one week to another. "Come Thursday," she told me, "it's often money out of one pot into another."

I have taken two examples of families which are not wholly dependent on social security benefits. Mr. Robinson had his grant from the friendly society, and whatever he can save when he is at work. Mrs. Smith has her part-time earnings. I did not find one case—if, as I am told, there are some, they must be very hard cases—where a family had no other resources than sickness, widow's or unemployment benefit. Anyone, in fact, who tried to live on such an income, without savings, casual earnings or Assistance, would not be in poverty—they would be starving. Even if benefits were raised to restore their 1946 value, many people would be suffering hardship, for such an adjustment would only bring them to approximately the same level as the maximum that the Assistance Board can grant at present. In many cases, the adjustment would not change the income of sick, bereaved or unemployed people; it would only change the source of their income from one agency to another.

It was clearly impossible for me to make any estimate of the number of people in St. Helens who, drawing sickness or widow's benefits, were in poverty, because I have no means of knowing how many of them have been relying on such benefits for, say, two months or more, or what other resources they may have. I am quite sure, however, that several hundreds, and perhaps more than a thousand, were either below or very close to the poverty line, without much prospect of lifting themselves above it. And I am certain that many more go through a temporary period of hardship every year, when some misfortune befalls them. It is then they find that the "subsistence principle," which its author has called "the central idea of the Beveridge Report," has been whittled away. No one pretends that benefits are any longer sufficient for basic needs.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

# The Queen's Highway

BRITAIN'S roads are inadequate for her traffic; at a time when so few social generalisations can be made with any confidence, this at least is true—true in the eyes of the road users, and true by the admission of successive Governments. Not only are they inadequate, but they are worse by any standards than they were in 1939. What has happened? How important are the roads? What should be done about them, and how soon? The answer to the first of those questions is easily made. Since the war, and prior to the somewhat makeshift proposals announced by the Government last December, the building of new roads, and major improvements to existing roads, were both virtually stopped—indeed they were stopped entirely except for a by-pass at Merthyr Tydfil, and an improvement project between Llanelly and Neath that is already three years behind schedule.

This story of post-war neglect would be alarming enough in itself, but it has also coincided with a considerable increase in motor vehicles—by about 50 per cent.—and by an industrial development which has given to transport a greater economic importance than ever before. We have developed new industries, stepped up our production, and expanded our exports; but we have apparently forgotten that delays between the factory and the docks must eventually add to the price of everything we produce. We have behaved like a General who has forgotten the value of lines of communication; at a time when the Output Index of industrial production was rising from 100 to 150, our roads were becoming increasingly obsolete. Britain, in fact, is the only country in Western Europe which has not given to roads a high priority in its recovery programme; at present our expenditure per head of the population on roads is about 30*s.* a year, compared with more than £10 in the U.S.A., and over £2.10*s.* in Norway. Yet we have more traffic per mile than any other country.

Industrial road users maintain that to spend so little on the roads is a wildly false economy, arguing that to give Britain an adequate road system would cost less than the sum at present being wasted in delays, excessive fuel consumption, accidents, and extra wear and tear. For instance, the British Road Federation claims that a ten-year development programme costing £55 million a year would, in fact, produce a saving per annum of £60 million (the largest savings being £26 million in greater efficiency resulting from fewer delays, and £12 million in fuel saving from the same cause). It is clear that this argument carries some force.

The Government's reply to all this is to say, quite simply, that we are spending as much on our roads as we can possibly afford to spend, granted our present economic position and priorities. It may be true that a large immediate expenditure on the roads would repay itself in the long run, but that is small consolation if, for other reasons, an immediately large expenditure is out of the question; and the ultimate decision in this, as in so many other things, rests with the Treasury. In any case, the argument goes on, we could spare no more manpower for road-work; the potential labour force is fully employed—unless, as one Minister recently and rashly conceded, there is large-scale unemployment.

As far as road taxation is concerned, the motorist is told that he has no more right to expect his money to be spent on road improvement than the beer-drinker has to expect his taxes to go towards improving the quality of beer. (The obvious fallacies in this strange argument apparently escape the Ministry of Transport, whose officials must presumably be either non-motorists or teetotallers.) On the other hand, work is proceeding, through the Road Research Laboratory, on methods of constructing roads more cheaply; a saving of thirty per cent. has already been made in a few housing estates by using a basic mixture of soil (which is free) and cement. Moreover our road surfaces, however neglected, are still considerably better than those on the Continent, as any overseas motorist will readily confirm. Indeed, the analogy with Continental roads is in any case fallacious; it is not difficult to build long, straight stretches of highway across the countryside of Holland or Belgium; our own problem will always be the cost of by-passing the towns and villages which lie straddled every few miles across our trunk roads. It is geography that makes a new road system more costly in Britain than elsewhere—geography, and the sins of our grandfathers, who neglected to by-pass our towns and villages when it would still have been relatively easy to do so.

In this way the debate continues. But it has already slipped into the basic error of treating the roads in isolation, as though there were no other forms of transport available. Yet the quantity of

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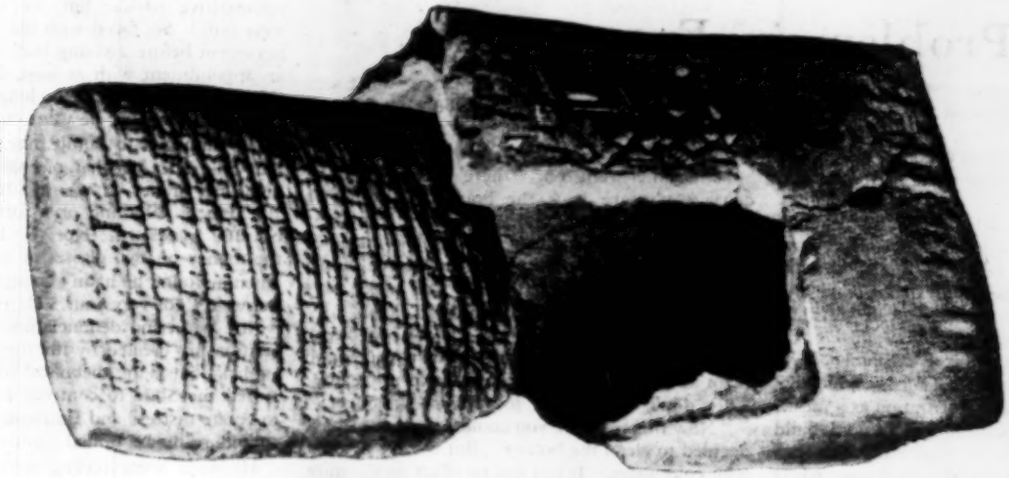
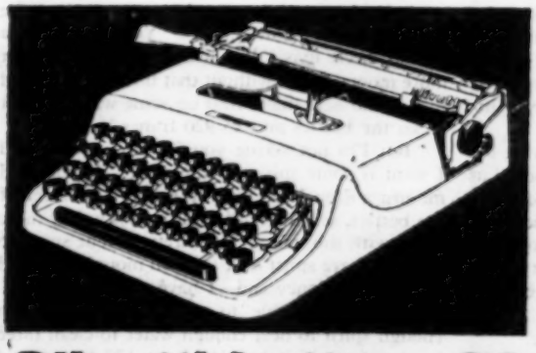
Ingenious—yes—but cumbersome and antiquated. A far cry indeed from letters of today, quickly written on a typewriter—a typewriter, to be precise, which is smooth, light to the touch, responsive, handy, comfortably carried—written, in a word, on the Lettera 22.





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goods carried by road is only a small percentage of that which is carried by rail. The problem of the roads is basically that of congestion, the number of vehicles is still increasing, and congestion is unlikely to be removed by anything less than a complete overhaul of our trunk roads. But how much of our present road traffic could profitably be transferred to other forms of transport, and especially to the railways? And if it is true that investment in the roads would soon repay itself in increased speed and efficiency, is not the same also true of the railways? If as a nation we can afford to spend £x million on transport, surely it is unfair to assume that all, or even most of this must go into the roads—and in fact about £250 million of capital investment has gone into the railways in the past six years.

The fact is, of course, that the problem is not that of our roads, but of our transport services as a whole, and Transport means Politics. It is politics that forbids what is clearly sensible and necessary—the overall planning of our transport system, so that roads, railways, canals, and aircraft all carry the items for which they are most suited. If a manufacturer has a consignment of any kind, there should be machinery for ensuring that it travels by the most suitable means (or combination of means, for the efficient interlocking of short road haulage to and from main line stations in tight conjunction with freight trains needs greater co-ordination than it gets at present). For the same reason Transport demands financial co-ordination; road and rail, in a planned economy, must collaborate. The present situation, in which they are in violent competition, is plainly silly.

In the meantime the verbal battle goes on, with the advocates of road improvement making the biggest noise—backed by the big guns of the petroleum companies, the cement and concrete manufacturers, and the makers of motor-cars. Most of the criticisms which they level at the state of the roads are true; but their conclusions are unfairly simplified. The true conclusion is that our whole transport system is in urgent need of co-ordination from the top.

GEORGE LEATHER

# A Problem in Economics

"WITH capital," he began, "you can do anything," and we suspected what was coming next. But he suspected what we suspected and he hurried to add: "I haven't come to borrow money. This is a friendly visit." He changed the subject.

"Such a wonderful girl. If I'd had enough money . . . . Why, with money you can do anything, anything. You take her for an apéritif, then for a really good meal with decent wine and then liqueurs and then a drink in a café and then she feels so mellow towards life and you.

"I don't," he added, "say it's moral. Who am I to defend an existence that turns on money? Since when should I accept corruption as a means to an end? In what possible way could I build a moral system on these ridiculous bits of metal and dirty, torn paper? And, you know, paper money is really the final insult. That's the ultimate injury, the supreme gesture of contempt by the State at our helplessness before the power of established hypnotism backed by police force. Fools we are, we surrender and recognise their lunacy and go with them into the asylum by fighting among ourselves for their paper."

But then he must have seen he was straying too far from the subject. Worse, he was providing us with excuses. He paused, and back-pedalled.

"But you can't live like a monk," he said.

Then—"Do you know that I have no fewer than 23 milk bottles in my room? Twenty-three milk bottles . . . At 40 francs each they are worth —or rather, they are good for—920 francs. With 920 francs you can do anything, anything.

"What's more, they cost me only half that price because when I bought the milk they charged only 20 francs on each bottle and now they charge 40 francs and they *give* you 40 francs for empty ones. That just goes to show what a myth this money nonsense is. A milk bottle is worth the materials plus the labour power but the price has no relation to its value, nor to the law of supply and demand nor to anything except an imbecile abstraction that makes us all helpless.

"But," he continued, "the point is this. She promised to call in this evening and I just haven't got a single cent. But I have got 920 francs' worth of milk bottles. In reality, of course, they're more valuable than bits of paper but life just isn't reasonable. Why I dropped in is because I've decided at last to surrender to *their* values." We looked duly startled.

"I know you're probably thinking, 'What sort of a louse is this' but really if you saw that girl you'd understand that this wasn't even really a compromise or an expedient. It is just necessity.

"But," he went on, "there's a snag. The dairy won't take back the bottles until they've been washed. Every time I go there they just look at the bad milk that's stuck to the inside of the glass and then they point to a decree of the prefect of police hanging on the wall which says bottles must be returned clean.

"I've tried arguing. 'Why,' I say to them, 'Must the bottles be clean? Don't they wash them at the works before filling them up again?' They don't even bother to answer any longer.

"Now this is where you could help me. I have decided to clean the bottles. But it can't be done with cold water. It just has no effect on the milk. And I can't get hot water until I can buy some spirit for my stove to heat the water to clean the bottles to get some money. You see what a vicious circle it is. If I had money, I could get more money. But without that little bit of capital that would help me to heat up some water, I can't clean the bottles and so 920 francs lie rotting.

"But I'm not asking you for any money. All I want is some spirit for the stove. If you lend me just a drop I can heat up water, clean some of the bottles, sell the bottles to the dairy, buy more spirit with the money I get, return your spirit to you, still have spirit over to clean more bottles and make more money and—I have arrived."

It was impossible to refuse. We gave him enough spirit to heat enough water to clean three bottles, for which he would get 120 francs, and with that he could buy a bottle of spirit for himself for 70 francs and still be in pocket to buy himself a drink and carry on with the washing.

He returned after seven minutes. "Listen," he said, "I've been thinking. Why should I waste money giving a profit to a café when I want a drink? Now that I've heated the water, I thought maybe we could all have a coffee together in my room and then I'd still have enough water to clean at least a couple of bottles. I'd get 80 francs for them so I could still buy the alcohol."

"If you are inviting us," we said, "we would be delighted to accept."

"Well, there's just one thing," he said, "I'm out of coffee. If you could bring a teaspoonful along with you . . ." As we were going out of the room he added: "By the way, do you take sugar in your coffee . . .?" We brought our sugar. We had got to the foot of the stairs when he added: "I've got milk, of course, but I'm not too sure if it is quite fresh. Of course, we could have the coffee black . . ." We went back and got our milk.

We drank some of the coffee to which we had been so kindly invited and then discovered there was no hot water left to wash the bottles. We supplied a spot more spirit. Then, as a precautionary measure, we went out.

The following day he dropped in to see us. "Wonderful, wonderful," was all he could say at first. After we had calmed him with a cup of coffee, he told us what had happened.

When we had left him the previous day, he had washed out two bottles and taken them to the dairy. But as it was Sunday the dairy was closed until the evening. His friend was due at five o'clock and it was obviously going to be impossible for him to get his machine in motion, cleaning and selling bottles, buying spirits, heating water and cleaning more bottles. He had dropped in on us to see if, as he put it, we could offer any constructive advice, but, he said darkly, "you were out." So, faced with the alternatives of dénouement before a young lady and failing to keep an appointment with at least the possibility that this would serve him in the long run by increasing her interest in him, he went out.

He happened to bump into someone who lent him 100 francs but that, of course, was worse than being flat broke. It was just undignified to have 100 francs. Nothing or a fortune was tolerable but 100 francs. . . . No. So he went and spent the money on two glasses of wine and a Pernod. Then he found he hadn't enough to leave a tip and the waiter got very sour. He relieved his feelings with a withering denunciation of the humiliating relationship created by the tipping system and an explanation of the diabolical intentions which inspired the State to continue the system in order to create distress and fratricide among those who should really be united against despotism.

He went home feeling terrible and arrived at the same time as the woman of the moment, who was an hour late. He told her his story and to emphasise its truth showed her the 23 bottles lined up on top of a cupboard. He explained the nature of society to her. And, although he didn't say so, we guessed he probably threw in a few comments on the uncharitableness of neighbours who disappeared just when he needed their "constructive advice."

The effect of all this, we gathered, was a little startling to our friend. The lady visitor burst out laughing. He was at first rather annoyed, but she quickly explained to him that tragedy and mirth were really very close. She spoke of Chaplin, of genius and, most effectively, of those people possessed of the talent that enabled them to personify the sorrow of humanity and to expose and to express the kernel of the problem by means of a practical, concentrated example. In fact, it seemed, she became so caught up with repairing the damage caused by her laughter and with sympathising with society's chosen victim that she became, he said, "helpless, quite helpless."

"Of course," he said, "it wasn't quite the same thing. There's really no substitute for a first-class meal and mellow well-being and the girl feeling as if she's being protected instead of being charitable.

"We're meeting again tonight and all the damned shops are closed because it's Monday. Hell, isn't it?"

There was a such a long silence.

"I was wondering," he said, "if you'd like to take those bottles as security for a small loan. . . ."

DAVID ROSS

Roman head of Juno

# Opinion is the great lady that rules the world—

JAMES HOWELL (1594—1666)

The first requisite of a great nation is an exacting public opinion. It is the surest guarantee of high standards of its conduct; the verdict of the nation, sitting as a jury. For individuals, to be 'easy to please' is no great sin; but a nation that is 'easy to please' has seen the last of its greatness.

How is such an opinion formed? All have a share—the world of education, the press, the cinema and stage, literature, parliament . . . and the public house. On it rests the fate of governments, and the fate of film stars. Industry has a part of its own to play in its creation: by maintaining, and continually raising, the standard of its social and economic contribution to the community.

When opinion has ceased to be 'a Great Lady', and has become a satisfied drudge, we shall be the poorer.

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*"Humility is essential for happiness"*

LORD BEAVERBROOK, in *Don't Trust to Luck.*

# The Arts and Entertainment

## THE CHERRY ORCHARD

THE Lyric, Hammersmith, *Cherry Orchard* is launched under the most promising auspices. Mr. Trevor Howard as Lopahin, the upstart merchant who eventually buys the orchard, was a brilliant idea of casting. Miss Gwen Ffrangçon-Davis has just the volatility and attack for Madame Ranevsky; Esmé Percy, George Howe, David Markham, Robert Eddison and Pauline Jameson make the rest of the company more than safe; while the direction is by Sir John Gielgud. In such hands failure is not in question; but so delicate is the texture of Chekhov, and so minutely worked the dove-tailing that fits all the fragments together, that it is always a minor miracle when a production of it is an absolute success. That minor miracle has not, alas, been conjured out of these promising materials. There are, of course, many beautiful passages, a number of exquisite moments, but the complete success that this combination of talents seemed to assure has somehow slipped through the fingers.

It is always difficult to diagnose with any precision what is amiss when all is a question of shade and of nuance and those indefinables, charm and atmosphere. Is Miss Ffrangçon-Davis a little too unselfish, playing down the part too far below its value? Exquisite and touching in her passages of grief, is she in her gaiety sufficiently unforced and sparkling? Is she not a little too sincere? Does she sufficiently suggest the shallowness of a character on whose surface the play of shadow and shine is easy-come and easy-go? Mr. Trevor Howard is most expressive with his grunts and his shoulder-shrugs at the fecklessness of them all, and he brings off with triumphant brilliance the moment when he reveals that he has bought the orchard. But perhaps he needs a little less assurance earlier on, or rather a heightened consciousness of his disadvantage, a touch more of social unease.

But, after all, with Chekhov it is the direction which is of primary importance. The producer is near to the condition of a conductor solely responsible for the light and shade and above all for the tempi which are of paramount importance. This production never, from the start, quite distils the full atmosphere. It was too solid, too heavy in parts and too cluttered, and this worked against that flicker and chequer of mood which should shimmer through the play like the sheen on shot-silk. The stage at the Lyric, Hammersmith, is very small, it is true, but the problem is not to let it look small or feel small. The designer, Mr. Richard Lake, whose work we have often admired, did not this time provide a satisfactory solution. Then, too often it seemed to me, in achieving a sense of flow, where the individuals ravel out their separate little dramas in the middle of a noisy flux, Sir John avoided climaxes which ought to have been marked and held. Take, for instance, the telling little scene, in the second act, where a tramp interrupts the party in the glade. After the comic passage with the servants, you remember (a little lumpy here, I thought), the party settles down to talk while the sun sets. Excellently done all this, the talk, the silences, the resumptions, all under Lopahin's ironic eye. But the actual irruption of the tramp and Mme Ranevsky's giving her last gold piece—so important for its comment on the whole situation—was flurried and hurried and generally blotched so that the point was never clearly marked.

But I don't wish to end by implying too harsh a picture of the production. It is only by comparison with what it could have been that it disappoints. It is very well worth while seeing as it is, and may quite likely by now have settled into better focus. Among the other excellencies it contains, I must mention Miss Pauline Jameson, wholly admirable as Varya; the part simply could not have been played with a more perfect tact, restraint and pathos: and Mr. Esmé Percy's excellent Gayeff, placed with great assurance and perfection of touch in the centre of the picture. I don't remember before feeling so strongly the stress on the relation between brother and sister. This is a good value to mark, but Mr. Percy makes his points so finely as the brother that Miss Ffrangçon-Davis can afford to bring up the sister a good deal, and this might make all the difference.

The Arts Theatre, after a short period in which it seemed to be faltering at the very end of Mr. Alec Clunes's reign, is now back in its stride with renewed vigour under Mr. John Fernald, and it is particularly refreshing to see them tackling a new play. *The Sun Room* by Miss Romilly Cavan, was a good example of the kind of play which I have several times deplored the shortage of—the middle-grade play which is the equivalent of the average good novel. Miss Cavan is, of course, already well known as a novelist, and it is true that the idea behind her play is somewhat redolent of the middle-grade novelists' clichés.

Stephen Ireland, five years before the play opens, was everywhere regarded as a "coming man." His friends expected to see him on the Woolsack, if no higher. But you would hardly believe that from the Stephen Ireland we meet when the curtain goes up, a vague and ineffectual potterer, living in the country with a desultory interest in farming. His sister and her two children are there for the holidays and a friend of his arrives for the week-end with a girl who knew Stephen five years before. Then finally add the odd, vaguely sinister figure of Alice Makepeace who haunts the house trying to keep the past alive. The flash-back is often a clumsy device on the stage, but Miss Cavan dovetails it in very convincingly. Each act includes a picture of the earlier, vital Stephen and gradually an explanation of what has changed him grows in our minds.

This idea is not very original, but is interestingly treated and the dialogue is altogether less stock and stagy than the average middle-grade play, while it has lent itself to a quite remarkably fresh and convincing treatment by the actors under Mr. Fernald's direction. For two-thirds of it, at least, I felt a quite new approach at work in the treatment of naturalism; the business, the placing and the timing of words and actions—but especially the business the producer had invented—made me suddenly aware of how second-hand and cliché-ridden is the average production in the naturalistic mode. By dozens of small touches, unimportant in themselves, but appropriate and helpful, and above all freshly observed, what might have been a mere matinée story conventionally put over, became something very much more.

T. C. WORSLEY

## RUSALKA

"THE English are a fine people, enthusiastic about music," said Dvorak in 1884, "and it is well known that they remain loyal to those whose art they have enjoyed." Well, we have remained—and with good reason—so persistently loyal to Dvorak that the B.B.C. found itself in a slight quandary when it decided to present four "commemoration concerts" on the fiftieth anniversary of his death. Dvorak's most important symphonic works are firmly established in the repertory, and the point of such a festival is to bring forward what is unjustly neglected. We might perhaps have had the G minor Piano Concerto, a far more interesting work than it is generally reckoned to be; or it might have proved enjoyable, if only intermittently, to hear again those large Victorian choral affairs, *St. Ludmilla* and *The Spectre's Bride*. In fact, though Elisabeth Schwarzkopf is to sing a beautiful aria from the latter work, the B.B.C. has put most of its energy into a concert performance of the opera, *Rusalka*; and this was clearly the right decision. Opera did not play quite so large a part in Dvorak's career as it did in Smetana's; but he wrote ten operas (two more than Smetana), and became increasingly preoccupied with the stage in the latter part of his life.

*Rusalka* is the last but one of his major works, the last being yet another opera, *Armida*. We get a vivid impression of the sheer fecundity and musicality of Dvorak's mind when we learn that he first came upon the libretto in April, 1900, and completed the entire score between May 19 and November 27 of the same year. Taking into account the vast difference between Dvorak's mature style and that of old-fashioned opera buffa, this is a feat almost as remarkable as the famous speed records established by Rossini and Donizetti. Nor can any trace of hasty or careless workmanship be found in the many-coloured, opalescent orchestration, which charms the ear through three long acts. The weaknesses in the work are inherent in Dvorak's musical personality, and to some extent perhaps in Jaroslav Kvapil's libretto, despite its moving and effective conclusion and the poetic quality of which Czech critics assure us. This lyrical treatment of the Undine legend perfectly suited Dvorak's nostalgia and nature mysticism; but it has a serious weakness, from the purely musical point of view, in the fact that dumbness is made a condition of Rusalka's becoming human. The immediate consequence of this is that the lyrical first act ends with what ought to be a love duet, but has to be a tenor solo; and the second act, in which the rather unsympathetic Prince begins to desert the voiceless Rusalka in favour of a stagily scornful rival, falls musically and dramatically to a lower plane. The third act, however, makes handsome amends for this lapse. It is full of fine things, such as Rusalka's long F major aria, Larghetto, with cello pizzicato accompaniment and chromatic figuration on the muted violins, which is even lovelier than her more famous solos in the first act; moreover, the end, in which the now repentant Prince receives from Rusalka the ice-cold kisses which he knows must kill him, is about as affecting as a mere fairy-tale can hope to be.

In handing over the direction of the slightly abridged concert version of *Rusalka* to Rafael Kubelik, the B.B.C. did what they could to ensure an authentic performance—but it was not enough.


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Anyone who has been lucky enough to hear a good Czech performance of this or any other Czech opera, or anyone who listens attentively to the new Czech recording of *The Bartered Bride* published by Supraphon, must realise how deficient in life and vigour and colour were even the best of last week's cast. Radio listeners perhaps fared better than we in the Festival Hall, who found the singers placed behind the orchestra and at times rendered inaudible by their position. The best of the music fell to Gré Brouwenstijn as the heroine. She is a musical and accomplished soprano, but her intonation was sometimes faulty; and, though her white tone might seem appropriate enough for a water-nymph, there was none of that innocent, dreamy seductiveness in the vocalisation which is required by Dvorak's haunting melodies. Oh for an Alma Gluck! I must confess that it is hard to think of the right contemporary singer for this part, outside Czechoslovakia—unless, perhaps, Sena Jurinac were available. The remaining principals did their best according to rigidly British notions, but hardly brought this watery tract of Bohemia to any very urgent life. The three wood-nymphs were the most effective members of the cast.

On the following night, the L.P.O. gave a concert of twentieth-century American music, which is to be followed, next Thursday, by a parallel concert of modern English music. I do not know whether the visiting conductor, Gail Kubik, was responsible for the programme; or whether, as almost seemed probable, it was planned by someone with more interest in symmetry than in quality; but the result was unsatisfactory. Each programme has its boisterous overture, and neither Rawsthorne's *Street Corner* nor Copland's Outdoor Overture shows either composer at his best. Each programme has its violin concerto: that of Gail Kubik proved to be an entirely undistinguished composition and will certainly seem no rival to Walton's. The only first-rate work in the American programme was Roy Harris's Third Symphony, as rugged and compelling as when we first heard it, and prompting once more the question why this should be the only work of its composer that we are ever allowed to hear. Barber's *Capricorn* Concerto is mere Stravinsky imitation, unworthy of the composer of the Cello Concerto, the recent *Hermit Songs* or that enchanting piece for soprano and orchestra called *Knoxville, Summer of 1915*. As though to "balance" Vaughan Williams's *Five Tudor Portraits*, the concert ended with a "symphonic picture" crudely based on Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* by a Hollywood arranger called R. R. Bennett, which—whatever one may think of the opera—was utterly unsuitable as part of a symphony concert.

I found the evening as a whole somewhat depressing, because there is much American music which I admire and even love, and plenty more which I should have been delighted to hear, whereas such a programme as this conveys the erroneous impression that American music is a thin and sporadic growth, which has yielded nothing worth hearing for the past ten years. I cannot remember when London last heard (if ever) a first-rate symphonic performance of Copland's enchanting *Appalachian Spring*, and I think it has still to hear his impressive Third Symphony. These and the Barber works named above are only some of the American music we should be glad to hear—at any rate in preference to an operatic potpourri.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

## BONNARD AND OTHERS

THERE are two exhibitions on at the moment which complement each other: the show of *Vuillard, Bonnard and Roussel* at the Marlborough Galleries, and *Paris in the Nineties* at Wildenstein's. On the evidence of the catalogue (full of information and very well produced) the point of the Marlborough show is primarily to revive the reputation of Roussel. In this it fails. Roussel was an unimportant artist and has been rightly forgotten. From all accounts he was an interesting and delightful man. He married Vuillard's sister, was one of the original Nabis and a friend of Cézanne's. The influence of his personality on his friends and fellow artists is, as always, impossible to reckon. Nowadays when the importance of individual talent is so hysterically overemphasised, it is as well to remember that personal relationships usually constitute a far more profound justification of a life than the creation of supposedly "immortal works." But this does not make Roussel's paintings any less sentimental or weak. He tried to use the colour-pattern theories of the Nabis in his large-scale murals—interpretations of classical mythology. He failed because he was an extremely weak draughtsman. His figure sketches show that he had only the most superficial grasp of form and structure. A few of his early landscape sketches are quite pretty and evocative.

The Vuillards and Bonnards in the same show are very much more interesting. The early Vuillards which turn hostesses, servants, guests, furniture, wallpapers, the view out of the window, into elegant, sad, gold-tarnished, after-glow patterns, evoke a somewhat similar sense of nostalgia to that of Chekov—only they lack the Russian soul-searching and the bite of Chekov's moral conscience, which, tolerant as he was, was always there. Later, this rather expansive poetic nostalgia of Vuillard's turned into a defensive parochial insularity; the drawing-room became smaller and cluttered with reassuring detail; the composition became fiddly because there was no room to step back.

The Bonnards remind one of what a genius he was. Despite his wit and his mischievous eye, Bonnard was as essentially as nostalgic an artist as Vuillard. But—and this is all important—he did not just project his mood on to the world in general. He preserved it, whittled it down as he whittled down his drawing, intensified it as he intensified his colour, in order to sharpen his vision and feeling for minute particulars. He saw the nude, the breakfast table, the boulevard that were in front of him, with all the intimate emphasis that they might gather were they already memories. The figure by the bath, the head bent over the coffee cup, are not unequivocally there, present; everything swims and is blurred in the light of those impossible summers that everyone believes they remember; but, at the same time, the unique way she had of bending over when she dried the inside of her foot, the specific way the light caught her purple shirt at breakfast—these, one feels, have been recollected in loss more vividly, more precisely, more preciously than they could ever have been observed at the time. It is this apparent quality of intimate *recollection* that explains why Bonnard's domestic scenes are always more moving than his pure landscapes—masterly as these often are in their formal arrangement. It also explains the strangely emotive power of Bonnard's colour; every pearl, nuance and dapple belongs to and creates its form because it is the result of the most searching intuitive analysis, but the extreme tenderness of that analysis—a tenderness far more tortuous than that of possessive voluptuousness—is the result of the artist's haunting awareness of the fugitive, of what can never be possessed. In Bonnard's best paintings each colour mark, overlaid on another, expresses the passing of a moment.

The title of the Wildenstein show is a little deceptive. Made up mostly of small paintings, sketches, drawings, posters, letters, photographs, it is in fact concerned with the work and lives of the Nabis—Vuillard, Bonnard, Roussel, Maurice Denis, Serusier, Vallaton, and artists like Toulouse Lautrec who were temporarily associated with them. Although it includes Serusier's versions of Gauguin, there are no Gauguins. Nor any Cézannes. The small Vuillards are better than the larger ones in the Marlborough show—it was Signac who pointed out that all Vuillard's paintings were *naturally* small sketches. There is a fine Bonnard street scene, and some beautifully composed and very intellectually disciplined pictures by Maurice Denis who was the theoretician of the group.

At the Leicester Galleries there is an exhibition of recent paintings by John Craxton. The subject matter is mostly Mediterranean—sailors, fishing boats, café dancers and musicians. They are highly formalised, affected, and show absolutely no advance on his earlier work. The cause of this can be found by comparing two drawings. A highly formalised crayon drawing of a girl's head hangs above a fairly straightforward representational drawing of a youth. The drawing of the girl looks at first sight quite impressive and strong. The drawing of the youth is obviously feeble. But then if one looks more intently one discovers that the actual apprehension of the forms is no more real in the drawing of the girl than in the other. Craxton has not developed because he has spent all his energy practising sleight of talent.

JOHN BERGER


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## LOOK AND LISTEN

"PHILIP HARBEN," they said, "shows you the French dish *Sole Bonne Femme* and how to cook an English alternative." Ah ah, the trumpets! Ah ah, *la haute cuisine!* And there was Mr. Harben, whom we hadn't seen on the screen since he cooked his goose last Christmas, in his striped butcher's apron almost bursting himself with missionary zeal. It was—roughly to paraphrase—a great occasion. Rationing was ended. Butter, milk, eggs—fresh ones, too—lay all about us in lashings. We could cook and eat dishes of a kind and excellence that had been completely unobtainable since the piping days before 1939, dishes such as *sole bonne femme.* A splendid sole appeared on the screen. And then, while already we were beginning to salivate, it was as though the invisible man nudged Mr. Harben in the ribs and whispered in his ear, "*Sole Bonne Femme!* Sauces made with wine! Look out. They'll never stand for that—foreign stuff!" and Mr. Harben dropped his sole and began, with even greater enthusiasm than before, to cook that ancient enemy of my boyhood, haddock. Milk in the sauce instead of wine, and margarine instead of butter. Modern margarine, Mr. Harben assured us, was just as good as butter. I know several old reactionaries who won't swallow that.

They ask for sole and are given a haddock. It was a little programme packed with morals for those who wished to draw them, morals about the nature of the English, morals about the nature of our television. It posed questions. Why, for example, must we so often be given, tantalisingly, a glimpse of the real thing and then, as expectation is keyed up, be fobbed off with the less real, the substitute, what *Radio Times* would call an "English alternative?" Two nights after Mr. Harben's programme, we were shown a film, *Malta,* made by the Television Film Unit, with Mr. Dimbleby as our guide. Of its kind it wasn't bad; visually it was often pleasing; and Mr. Dimbleby, who, like Mr. Harben, is a superb performer, was indefatigable in ferreting out the history of Malta. But—where were the Maltese? There was murmur about over-population, and that was all: the island's inhabitants were there only as extras. Now it is surely reasonable in a programme like this to wish to know what the Maltese think about Malta. Hasn't one heard that there is considerable dissatisfaction in the island about its relationship with Britain? Aren't elections fought on this very issue? Mr. Dimbleby's film showed us nothing of all this; it remained a travelogue.

Here it merely conformed to the pattern our television follows when showing us our own island. British tourist offices in New York have recently been criticised for the publicity they put out in America: it is suggested that Britain is presented, as it were, as a country in which beefeaters, pretty girls in Welsh top hats and rugged men in kilts perpetually dance round maypoles on village greens in Sussex. But really the Television Service gives us at home a not much more accurate picture of ourselves. There is, no doubt, precedent for this: the English, the oldest industrial people in the world, have gone on for generations steadily pretending they are a nation of rustics, which is one reason why our industrial towns are damnably ugly. But must the Television Service foster the illusion so wholeheartedly?

It isn't that one doesn't want to see the English countryside on the TV screen, simply that one wants other aspects of England as well. In *Out of Doors* on Sunday afternoons picture-postcard cottages are thatched, trout-streams fished for trout, museums of rural life visited. In the monthly programme *About Britain* Mr. Dimbleby takes us not to Birmingham but the dormitory-suburb of Birmingham called Stratford-on-Avon.

And not only is what is in fact the typical English scene not seen on our television screens, its inhabitants—three-quarters of our people—are not there either, except occasionally, like the unfortunate Maltese, as extras. To take a current example: at the moment of writing footplate men of the Western Region of British Railways are out unofficially on strike. In the total hour-and-a-quarter of *Radio Newsreel* this is worth two minutes. We do not, of course, meet a striker. Yet men do not strike, even unofficially, without some sense of grievance, and engine-drivers are not exactly a wild race of men. British Railways are ours, aren't they? B.B.C. Television is ours, isn't it? Ought we not to be interested enough in those who work for us to want to hear and see their grievances?

In fact, we see less of England and the English on the screen now than we did even two months ago. Then there was such a thing as the Television Documentary Unit. For all I know, there may still be, and perhaps it is busy off the screen compiling a major opus; but on the screen there has been no sign of its existence for the last seven weeks. And this is a loss, for uneven though its programmes were, they could be relied upon, as no other branch of the Television Service could, to picture for us some of the realities of everyday life in England. I remember especially vividly an admirable programme on the fate of the aged in Britain today, a programme reflecting a problem of urgent interest to millions.

TV shows us ourselves much less adequately than the B.B.C.'s sound programmes do, as a glance at *Radio Times* will prove. Yet all the advantages ought to be with television. Stendhal described a novel as a mirror dawdling down a road. I doubt whether it's a good definition of a novel, but it's an excellent description of TV. British TV has lost its way in the lanes and fieldpaths. The sooner it gets back to the main roads of English life the better.

WILLIAM SALTER

## THE MOVIES

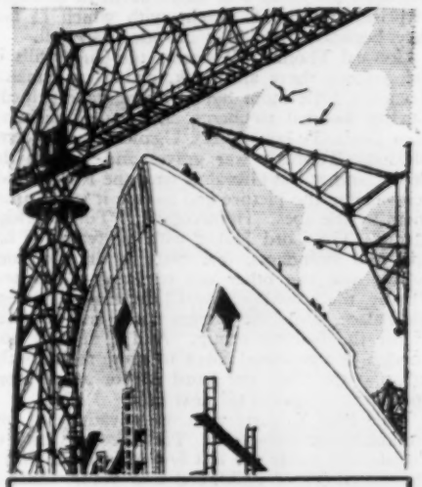
**"The Queen in Australia," at the Leicester Square**

**"Welcome the Queen," generally released**

**"Secret Conclave" at the Marble Arch Pavilion**

Those usual objects of worship in the cinema, the stars, are replaced this week by planets: the Queen and Pope Pius X. It is an odd mixture of feelings that now attaches to royalty. In the first place, I suppose, we're thankful it's *them* and not someone or something else; then we're charmed by them, sorry for them; they stand on balconies and in the rain and pull cords, they get shoved through ceremonies and packed off for triumphs; and we'd all agree that the whole thing is a bit much, yet we insist—a little more every time.

The official film made for the Australian Government catches an expectancy and excitement that not even the grilling monotony of occasions can stifle. When the *Gothic* steams into Sydney Harbour it makes a fine white stranger among all the little beflagged craft, culminating in a lane along which the launch approaches the quay. All Sydney, more than all Sydney, is there; the first roar surprises us. The bowing and scraping and orating (which later on in the film may make us look round corners for a Chaplin unveiled) is offset by the crowds, smiling in the sun, wagging flags. The Queen looks very dainty, not too helpless and not too confident, beautifully geared to the occasion; and her tall Prince, a step behind in the limelight, has his own ways and times of catching the eye. And the amazing thing is they keep going so to the end. Of course we never see them unbend, except officially; and that prompts the hope that in their hours off they were left to themselves. The journey is taken not temporally but in blocks: capitals turning out, war memorials, children's displays, and so on. There's monotony in this, but it manages to show us a good deal of Australia *en fête,* with sheep and the air-doctor service in the background. Cars race the Royal train, the radio brings a hush to dance floors and camp



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fires, moving flower-beds in a stadium spell out a welcome, the kaola bear looks down in smudged surprise, and Bondi beach—with which in fact they began—ushers in a crowded farewell.

Howard Thomas's *Welcome the Queen* fills in the journey there and back, giving us Jamaica, Tonga (a little more Salote might have helped), Ceylon (hooded elephants and tea-leaf pickers), New Zealand's hot geysers, Uganda's mixed complexions, Tobruk's war graves and wire in the desert, and at last Gibraltar with the Royal children stealing the picture and having it stolen from them by the apes. Homecoming. Tower Bridge lifting. The Lord Mayor with his feathered hat and two attendants, one carrying an enormous bauble and the other out of *Boris Goudonov*. Finally, the crowds of loyal litter-makers besiege the Palace, while the camera backs and advances before the balcony group. And if all this isn't enough, the newsreel (back to grey) registers the drive to the City, the Lord Mayor again, more speeches . . . and so till next time.

Pope Pius X starts with the advantage of unfamiliarity on the screen. This reconstruction of his life—or rather the last few years of it, with a few anecdotes of childhood and youth added—has been made respectfully, but as officially as any hagiographic piece from Russia. The English actor who plays the part bears, we are told, a remarkable resemblance to the original and he acts well, but the trouble is he is given little chance for more than simulation. The politics of August, 1914, are feebly conveyed, and we should like very much—if we were only given the chance—to know something more realistic and intimate about this "man of peace," born a peasant, who died with the world choosing war. What the film does give—hence its title—is a detailed and curious account of the ceremonious ballotings by which the Cardinals elect their Pope.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

# Correspondence

## PARTIAL IMPARTIALITY

SIR,—Recently you ventilated the complaint that the B.B.C. under the guise of impartiality generally produce a majority of three or five (including the impartial Tory Chairman) to one against Labour in debates on current affairs. Much more insidious, and, in the long run more dangerous, is the tendency of the B.B.C. to feature "objective" talks and commentaries on current social and economic questions. These talks are of a startling one-sidedness. They favour a sort of Liberal-Conservative or Conservative-Liberal approach on social and economic questions, and suppress in a magisterial fashion most counter-arguments, however well known to other experts. As no voice is heard questioning these "objective" judgments, the impression is subtly conveyed that Labour politicians (even the Right Wing), who oppose them, are dangerous charlatans, not fit to be trusted with power.

A recent instance of this procedure was the treatment of the problem of the so-called convertibility of sterling, at the very moment when even Sir Dennis Robertson of Cambridge has—like the sorcerer's apprentice—become thoroughly frightened by the ghost he so assidiously invoked throughout the Labour administration. At the end of January (*Listener*, January 28, 1954, page 167/8) Mr. O. T. Falk an old friend of the late Lord Keynes was asked to give a talk; and last week Dr. Per Jacobsson (*Listener*, May 20, 1954, pp. 857 and 868) adviser to the resuscitated Bank of International Settlements, was invited to enlarge on "The Merits of Convertibility." Both talks were repeatedly broadcast. Mr. Falk's exposé was perfectly logical on his own premises. It was the premises that were highly dubious. These were, first, that convertibility even purchased at the cost of fluctuating exchange rates helps to promote international trade investment, and in the second place that fluctuating rates of exchange secure smooth adjustments to changes and fluctuations abroad. Sir Donald MacDougall in a thoughtful article (*Financial Times*, May 13, 1954) has shown the grave qualifications needed to these blissful assumptions, even if one accepts the contention that "freedom" for capital flights and foreign trade should be the first of social priorities, rather than full employment and technical progress in this country.

Dr. Jacobsson based his commendation on much more dubious ideals. He thought that there is little danger of an American set-back, and, secondly, that the Americans would help Britain by implementing the recommendations (in my opinion completely insufficient) of the so-called Randall Report. This latter has already proven incorrect; the former, as a final judgment, is at least premature. He then scared his audience by saying that the abolition exchange control is a "defence against totalitarian Governments." By this all-embracing abuse he could in fact only mean progressive, or Socialist, administrations. A Communist regime needs no exchange control: there is no private capital left to fly, and trade is planned directly. Finally he brought out of his hat that mouldering King Charles's head of the ultra-*laissez-faire* school, the German "miracle" under Prof. Erhardt, as a proof that "freedom pays." It would perhaps not be necessary to remind him (but useful to remind his audience) that liberation prematurely decided upon led in 1950 to a violent crisis in Germany during which Dr. Jacobsson tried to impose deflation on a country already suffering from heavy unemployment. There were two similar previous miracles in Germany in our life-time, 1924 and 1933, both associated with the name of Dr. Schacht. Both ended in disaster, having been extolled by conservative economists (and, would it be too unfair to mention, that the second was much helped by Dr. Jacobsson's Bank?).

Surely such one-sided treatment of one of the most important current subjects of serious political controversy is a most disquieting abuse of monopoly power?

Balliol College, Oxford. T. BALOGH

## UNIVERSITY CYNICISM

SIR,—Mr. Buchanan is quite wrong when he says that his own generation must be the most politically apathetic since 1900. So far as I have been able to discover from a consultation of what records remain in Oxford, its political clubs are as active, its Union is as well attended, and the general level of political discussion at least as high as in the past. It is true, of course, that most undergraduates cannot be bothered to read the political parts of their daily newspapers—but then they never could. It is usual to contrast the paucity of political activity today with the plethora of the Thirties, but this contrast will not stand up to investigation. In fact, the main difference between the level of activity then and now lies in the fact that at that time the doings of undergraduates were considered news. Perhaps the best proof of this lies in the coverage given to a recent Oxford Union debate on the alternatives of Communism or a world war—a debate which many feared might result in the same degree of unfavourable publicity as the notorious "King and Country" resolution of 1933. In fact, however, although the house rejected Communism by only two votes, the result was virtually ignored by even the local press. There are as many undergraduates interested in politics as there used to be; it is just that the rest of the country is not so interested in them.

With regard to the activities of the University Labour Clubs, which have been the subject of such concern to some of your correspondents, the position is even less desperate. It is true that many who attend the meetings have little enough idea of what it is all about and attend for the fun of seeing the speakers for the first time—thank goodness there are still some people who think politicians can be fun. It is evident that some of the more sheltered of the Public school products talk nonsense. But at least the meetings are well attended and are an agreeable contrast to most of the League of Youth activities it was once my duty to attend.

The trouble would appear to be that most of your correspondents have an idea in their minds of what university politics ought to be like and want to fit the reality to the shadow. Because nobody wishes to talk about what they want to talk about, everybody must be either naive or superficial. Because many have no desire to spend long summer evenings inside listening to a well-known M.P., they must be apathetic.

The truth is that the average citizen is never very interested in politics outside of a general election. In the universities the level of interest seems about what it always was and the number attracted to the Left, at least in Oxford, encouragingly high. One sometimes wonders how much all this will mean later on, however, for there are hundreds and hundreds of eager young Liberals going down every year and what happens to them? So far as one can tell, the Party is holding its own in the narrow world of university politics, and doing rather well on the whole. How many really active party workers it will recruit as a result of this is, of course, another question. It is one thing to serve on a Labour Club Executive Committee for few terms, it is quite another to remain an active member of a constituency party. Still, one can but hope that at least a few will return to the fold after their National Service.

WILLIAM MCCARTHY

Ruskin College, Oxford.

## GRADUATES AND WIVES

SIR,—Being neither wife nor graduate, Mrs. B.A.'s whining about the horrors of washing-up leaves me unmoved. As far as I am concerned, washing-up is a pleasant interlude between real jobs, say mucking-out the goat-house or disinfecting a brooder.

Of course, housework is often a sweat and a bore and looking after small children continuously sometimes plain hell, but why should graduates, if they choose to marry, claim exemption from such universal drudgery at the expense of other women? It is surely their own responsibility to keep their heads above washing-up water.

Women graduates marry, presumably, from choice, since they are equipped for a worth-while career as an alternative way of life, and, presumably, marry congenially since a university must be the biggest and best marriage bureau any girl could desire; if they bear children that is also, presumably, by choice. They have had wider opportunities of making a good life for themselves than most people; they have established their intellectual and social status and, to the less fortunate, appear to be complaining because they can't have two cakes and eat them without a touch of indigestion.

Is an intelligent mind blunted by being brought to bear on a little time and motion study in the kitchen, in budgeting so that the marginal utility of every penny of the family income is assessed, on the arts and crafts of homemaking, on the intellectual needs of growing children (who may not want to go on Beatrice Pottering even if mother does)?

Women who are not married and not graduates are not necessarily sexless simpletons and some of us would consider ourselves fortunate indeed to possess both a degree *and* a husband.

JOYCE LONGLEY

Challock, Kent.

## OBSCENE LITERATURE

SIR,—It is conceivable that I may be able to enlighten Marghanita Laski on the question of obscene literature or perhaps, I fear, increase her puzzlement.

Obscene literature, according to the old Act, "corrupts and depraves," and the possibility of any literature "corrupting and depraving" is the way to test for obscenity. The law is no clearer than this. As can be seen immediately, the decision whether selected "literature" is obscene or not depends entirely upon the opinion of the person asked to make a judgment. Since it is seldom that people see exactly eye to eye, it is not unusual to get a great many conflicting opinions about most things, and literature is no exception.

In a recent case brought under the Obscene Publications Act, the publishers in defending their publication made the following claims:

(*a*) That the words and substance of the passages complained of in their publications were no different in degree from most other forms of public exhibition. That words, ideas and

passages used by them were reflected in newspapers, books, films, theatres and even waxwork exhibitions of today.

(b) That there existed many publications of a character far more vigorously worded than the books in question, that these had been published for years, and that some had even been republished with the full knowledge of the authorities after having previously been prosecuted.

(c) That, when judging if a publication is obscene, those who make the judgment should do so from the viewpoint of modern moral standards. To judge if a book is likely to corrupt and deprave is a decision to be made having regard to the kinds of material published by modern-day newspapers and books and the scenes publicly exhibited in theatres and cinemas.

This would have seemed a reasonable proposition to advance. It would seem unreasonable, for example, to request a Victorian to decide if a *modern* book or film is obscene *according to Victorian standards.*

The Recorder of London, summing up the defence case, put it to the jury in these words: "It is said on behalf of the accused that a book is only obscene if it is obscene according to the standards and tests of today . . . that to interpret . . . (the Act) . . . you have got to look at the background of today's publications. *I suggest to you that it would be most dangerous to do anything of the kind.*"

Later on in the summing-up the Recorder repeated: ". . . this type of modern literature to which your attention has been called. *I suggest it would be a most dangerous standard to adopt.*"

The publishers who were the defendants in this case had requested a trial by jury in order to establish, if possible, some kind of ruling which would be a guide for publishing. Publishers, booksellers and wholesalers are only too acutely conscious how vague is the law regarding obscenity, and have long felt the need for some sensible ruling capable of being interpreted with a reasonable measure of common agreement.

The statement made by the Recorder in his summing-up, however, completely changes all hitherto held conceptions. It has now been made quite clear, both by the Recorder of London and by the Appeal Court which subsequently upheld the Recorder's standpoint, that not only were the books in question obscene, *but that* (it is automatically to be assumed) *modern standards are immoral*, that the general character of all forms of publications exhibited today is within a fair distance of corrupting and depraving all who observe them.

Thus, according to the legal point of view (and the legal point of view necessarily has great and forceful influence on the moral point of view), Marghanita Laski's interest in research should not be concerned with a correlation between adultery and reading books recently banned, but with a much wider problem. To discover how to correct the *Immorality* and *Depravity* that it would appear has overtaken and overpowered modern society.

S. D. FRANCES

## MORAL REARMAMENT

SIR,—It would be both foolish and wrong to deny that many have found in "Moral Rearmament" a source of great inspiration and spiritual fulfilment; and, therefore, one accepts the assurance of Mr. Sidney D. Hoskins that he has found such value in and through his experience of this organisation.

On his part I trust he would not deny that others can also testify to the profound significance to them of the Salvation Army, Jehovah's Witnesses, Roman Catholicism, Quakerism, Theosophy or even the strange tenets of Father Divine, the American religious leader reputed to have a million followers. Subliminal experience takes many forms, and in each case gives a sense of liberation and of transcendance over mortal tensions.

What, however, is generally not recognised or admitted by those who are psychologically stimulated within a theological context is the limited nature of their spiritual experience, and the debt they owe is to the immense moral enlightenment of humanists, heretics and those to whom familiar theology has little if any appeal.

Dr. Buchman and Dr. William Graham alike appear to avoid the discipline of applying their minds to any attempted solution of the problems of our age and, indeed, to discourage intellectual exercise as a religious necessity. It is all very well to refer to Divine Guidance in all things but this is not particularly helpful if the response leaves one earnest seeker convinced that all participation in war is wrong and another that under some circumstances he must train to blow out the brains of others who are also convinced, after prayerful reference, they must try to blow out his brains. This has a similar relevance to many other crucial issues. In the end it would seem that in elucidation of the meaning of moral values we all have to try and reason things out with such brains as are not yet annihilated and not "pass the buck" back to God. Surely that is what Divine Wisdom expects of us, lest otherwise we remain infantile instead of growing up.

Moreover, can we not honestly admit that notwithstanding the claim that by Divine Guidance infallible truth regarding theology and eschatology has been embodied in creedal statements, there has been remarkable obscurity in respect of human relationship and the release of our race from many of its burdens and much of its ignorance? Slavery, feminine subjugation, economic and racial exploitation and intellectual obscurantism were endorsed by the mystically exalted and religious authorities for a long, long time by those who, presumably, should have received spiritual illumination that revealed the iniquity of those evils.

One may justifiably ask today whether the greatest moral and spiritual need of our fellow-beings in India is "M.R." and a deeper God-consciousness or contraception and effective economic expansion. Personally I would affirm the latter two necessities are at least as essential to a vital religion as the former. Would "M.R." agree, and frankly say so?

REGINALD W. SORENSEN

## THE GUILLOTINE

SIR,—Mr. Wilfred Fienburgh, who is often a good humorist, tried out some jokes in your columns of May 15 at my expense on the proposition I made in the Television debate that the Guillotine is more justifiable when a majority is small than when it is large. Of course, he guffaws, it is the other way round!

It is small wonder that Conservative propaganda so easily portrays Labour as somewhat totalitarian and half-hearted in the Cold War when we are told by Mr. Fienburgh and his friends in speech after speech that the morality of the Guillotine improves with every vote in favour of it. The demagogic platform appeal, the resounding acclaim by the crowd, the overwhelming Parliamentary majority, the constructed Mandate and finally the relentless Guillotine against small minorities are the instruments in use today all over the world to suppress the very institutions and causes we hold most dear.

Mr. Fienburgh must use his talents on himself and his friends. The size of the majority they may one day obtain will depend on their present proposals for the use of it.

House of Commons. HINCHINGBROOKE

## CHURCHILL AND GREECE

SIR,—Mention has been made of the arrival of the 4th Division. On January 10, 1945, its commander, the late Lieut-General Sir J. H. L. Hawkesworth, wrote to me as follows:

"For the past three weeks I have been in Athens doing a cleansing operation. As you will know from the news, the operation has been completely successful. When I came I felt like most of the troops sent here—rather doubtful about the whole thing. But once I came and saw—like all the troops who came here—I have no doubt at all about the essential rightness of what we are doing. I take off my hat to the P.M., who, amid every kind of smokescreen put up by friend and foe, saw what was right and would not be deterred from doing what was right.

"Many of us out here are very disturbed—and indeed nearly all the soldiers in the ranks are very angry indeed—at the completely false picture which most of the press are giving the folks at home. The troops here represent a very good cross-section of the people of a democracy—they are indeed the only representative community of a democracy—and their judgment is quite clear.

"The gratitude of the Greek people to the British soldier is most marked. I don't speak of organised processions but of the attitude of the real people in the very poorest quarters of Athens and the Piraeus."

Army and Navy Club, S.W.1. JOHN NORTH

## GREEK VICTIMS

SIR,—May we ask for the courtesy of your columns to draw attention to the recent earthquake disasters in Greece and to appeal to the generosity of your readers?

For the past nine years the people of Greece have been struggling against tremendous odds to repair the devastation of war and enemy occupation. To add to their hardships they have recently suffered two major catastrophes. Last August three of the Ionian Islands were completely devastated by earthquakes. At the end of April, Thessaly was stricken. The plight of the people is almost beyond imagination; thousands are homeless and in great distress. Their immediate needs are fundamental—shelter, food and water. But they must also be given hope for the future; hope that out of the ruin and rubble surrounding them now their whole life can be rebuilt—and this will cost at least £30 million.

Last August we appealed to the public of Britain to help the Ionian islanders and the splendid sum of nearly £120,000 has been subscribed. This money is providing material for the restoration of vital water supplies and the rebuilding of homes, schools and hospitals. But now Thessaly needs help, too. May we appeal to your readers to help us to make this a substantial contribution? No sum is too small to help in this vital work. All donations will be most gratefully received by the Greek Earthquake Appeal, 34 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

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# Books in General

UNIVERSITIES nowadays have Professors of almost everything—Brewing at one, Race Relations at another, Town Planning at a third. Yet there is still room for a pious benefactor. No university has a Professor of Marxism; and the theoretical background of the only religion which is still making converts on a grand scale remains neglected. Mr. Plamenatz will be a strong candidate for this Chair when it is created. It may seem unlikely that anyone should write at this time of day a book about Marxism which is both new and sensible; but Mr. Plamenatz has done it.* The existing books are special pleading, almost without exception. They start by assuming either that Marx was right or that he was wrong; and they go on developing one or other of these assumptions at interminable length. Mr. Plamenatz has merely assumed that Marx was a political thinker of the first rank, who should be taken seriously; and he has then examined Marxist doctrine with detached common sense. He treats Lenin as a master of practical politics, not as a serious thinker, and shows how Bolshevism transformed Marxism, somewhat as Paul is said to have done with the teachings of Christ.

Though this is a good book, it is not the book that Mr. Plamenatz set out to write, if his title is any guide. The first and more important part is about Marx, not about German Marxism. But Marx cannot be treated as a purely German thinker even in his methods. He himself claimed to have combined German philosophy, English economics, and French politics; and this is a good deal nearer the truth, though it would be still truer to say that he rode three separate horses and never got them teamed together. The only German quality in Marx was the "dialectic" framework which he learnt from Hegel; and, as Mr. Plamenatz shows, this was a gigantic nuisance which Marx increasingly abandoned when he wrote on serious questions. Marx's economics derived solely from English writers, principally from Ricardo; and the practical basis of them—made into a generalisation of universal applicability—was capitalist England of the textile age. His political outlook was that of an extreme French radical; and the only political events on which he made any valuable observations were the French revolution of 1848 and the Paris Commune of 1871. The English Labour party has come nearer than any other to applying the economic part of Marx's programme; just as the French and those who have learnt from them are the only ones to have a genuinely revolutionary proletariat.

Neither Marxist economics nor Marxist politics suited German conditions; and the German Marxists had to adapt these doctrines to quite different conditions, a process in which Engels himself led the way. How they did this would make a fascinating study, never yet attempted. It is not enough to mention Bernstein's revisionism or to assert that the German Social Democrats wanted a welfare state, not social revolution. Such a study would have reinforced the argument of Mr. Plamenatz's book; for it would then have appeared that the Germans set the example which the Russians followed. Kautsky first built up a Marxist orthodoxy devised for German conditions; and Lenin learnt the trick from him. Both were forcing a given theory to fit into existing conditions, instead of deriving their theory from these conditions—a confusing, but very usual, process. Mr. Plamenatz sees this clearly enough with the Bolsheviks. They made a revolution, established themselves in power, and then asked: "how can Marxism be used to justify what we have done?" But the Germans had done exactly the same; and, if Mr. Plamenatz had brought this out, he would then have realised that it applied to Marx also. Marx wanted certain things; and he therefore devised theories which proved that they would happen. Principles and actions came before theory in Marx's case, as in everyone else's.

Of course Mr. Plamenatz goes some way to recognising this. Indeed much of his book is given over to a careful logical demonstration that Marx's theories were dogmas, which could not be justified by the facts. For instance, Marx insisted that the number of labourers increased faster than the machines which employed them; therefore "the reserve army of the unemployed" would grow ever larger. He expressed this by a mathematical formula which is made more telling by being repeated again and again. But the formula could be proved true only by statistics which Marx did not possess and which indeed do not exist. As a matter of fact scientists often proceed in this way. It is a great mistake to suppose that they generalise only from a random body of experience. More usually they first formulate a theory and then collect the evidence to prove that it is true. The great scientist is not distinguished by guessing less, but by guessing better. The process is much more difficult to apply in history. The natural scientist can make his laboratory produce the necessary evidence to justify his theory. The historian can only turn to the records; and these were never kept to answer the questions which he had in mind. Hence it has been plausibly maintained that no serious history can be attempted before about 1850, when accurate statistics begin; and even these are so faulty that some dismiss the possibility of rigorous history before the outbreak of the second World war. All historians before then, including Marx, were literary artists—a description which most historians of the present day certainly do their best to avoid.

Marx's generalisations about history can never be shown to be either true or false. They are merely curious. It would be more rewarding to explain how he came by them and what results he expected from them. In fact what we want is a Marxist analysis of Marx. Mr. Plamenatz has a mastery of Marx's writings which would enable him to do it. Unfortunately, like most political theorists, he will not condescend to the routine task of learning history. He treats Marx in detachment without much reference to the intellectual climate of the time. He has therefore missed a discovery of the first importance, though he is constantly on the edge of it. For, though Marx was the greatest of Socialist writers and the founder of modern Socialism, he was as a thinker the last flower of Individualism. He achieved Socialism simply by taking *laissez-faire* economics and rationalist psychology and standing them on their heads; but despite this inversion they remained individualist theories. Take, for instance, the class-struggle, which is the central point of his doctrine. This is true only if we accept the principle—universally assumed in the middle of the nineteenth century—that every man recognises his economic interest and pursues it. Every proletarian fights his employer and co-operates with every other proletarian; every peasant or shopkeeper knows that he belongs to a dying class and therefore joins the rising one. If rationalist individualism is true, then Socialism must follow from it. It is not true; and that is why we have not got Socialism.

In exactly the same way, Marxist economics are individualist economics. They assume the working of "economic laws" and project them into the future. Mr. Plamenatz finds it puzzling why Marx thought that a capitalist should pursue higher profit when he had plenty already. But, given the contemporary assumption that capitalists were capitalists all the time, it must necessarily follow. If a man stopped behaving as a capitalist even for a minute of the day, economic laws would break down, as they always do in practice. Again, it seems an extraordinary thing that Marx had no theory of foreign trade; and the lack of it has handicapped Socialists from then until now. But in the era of Free Trade, no theory of foreign trade was necessary; or rather it was there already. Marx merely assumed that Socialist communities would go on trading with each other according to the best principles of the division of labour. Indeed he even assumed that Socialism would work without planning or conscious forethought; and so it would, if every man followed his own economic interest logically.

Similarly, when Marx came to politics, he shared the individualist radicalism of his time. He, too, assumed that it was highly desirable to strangle the last king with the bowels of the last priest; and he believed that inestimable benefit would follow from this. His only novelty was to show that the last capitalists (and by Marxist laws these would be few) should be strangled at the same time. Mr. Plamenatz keeps asking impatiently: "but why should Utopia arrive merely because this curious operation has been carried out?" Marx would have answered: "Because every serious political thinker of my time from Bentham to Mazzini says so." Marx was superior to his contemporaries in seeing that democracy could not work without a social revolution; but, living in the age of rationalism, he could not be expected to see that it needed a psychological revolution also.

This surely explains Lenin's creation of a new Marxist theory. Mr. Plamenatz makes it clear that he was a different sort of man; but this is not an interesting discovery—all men are different, as well as being the same. The important thing is that he was a man of a different age. Marx was a rationalist, believing in Progress and anxious to discover its laws. He was satisfied when he showed that progress was going in the same direction as himself.

* *German Marxism and Russian Communism*. By JOHN PLAMENATZ. *Longmans*. 25s.

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Lenin belonged to the age of collective man and of the struggle for power. He himself once said that the only interesting question in life was "who whom?" Who exploits whom? Who sentences whom to death? He was not interested in where history was going. He wanted to know how to get to the right end of a gun and stay there. This is not an attractive question for the political theorist, but it has its importance in certain societies and at certain moments. Leninism is not a political philosophy; it is a guide to political practice in the era of gangster-warfare, the sort of guide that Marx often tried to write but never succeeded. Mr. Plamenatz suggests that Lenin vulgarised Marx's theories and perverted them. But he believes this only because he prefers the age of rational individualism to that of the gangsters. Everyone can have his private tastes, but they have no place in historical study. John Stuart Mill has long been in his grave; and we have to live with the secret police, the televised politician, and the hydrogen bomb. "Who whom?" is a question that will last our time.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

## JAPANESE SANDMAN

Rocked by the drunken earth, and bullied
by that maddened wind,
What wonder that your parents spoil themselves
to spoil you—sinned
Against before you have a chance to sin?

Our temperate nursery rhymes would bore you:
tasteless Humpty Dumpty—
When at times your nursery wall falls, too?
What kick in ring a ring o' roses,
When each year shows you rougher games by far?

In the land of breakage, who would rate you
for sticking little fingers through a paper
screen?—
Since circumstance but rarely spares the rod, and
All at once the screen may fall, the wall, the roof,
the world.

And thus you frame that tight and careful carton,
to house an early careworn life—
Tradition's doubtful timber, imported plaster
ethics
prone to break and flake away:
Until some war or *saké* shakes all down—and then
You bathe your head and sober up and quietly
build again.

D. J. ENRIGHT

## CHERRY RIPE

*on a Painting by Juan Gris*

No ripening curve can be allowed to sag
On cubist's canvas or in sculptor's stone:
Informal fruit, that burgeons from the swag,
Would spoil the ripening that is art's alone.

This can be done with cherries. Other fruit
Have too much bloom of import, like the grape,
Whose opulence comes welling from a root
Struck far too deep to yield so pure a shape.

And Cherry ripe, indeed ripe, ripe, I cry.
Let orchards flourish in the poet's soul
And bear their feelings that are mastered by
Maturing rhythms, to compose a whole.

But how the shameful grapes and olives swell,
Excrescent from no cornucopia, tart,
Too near to oozing to be handled well:
Ripe, ripe, they cry, and perish in my heart.

DONALD DAVIE

## AND FRIEND

**Pinorman.** By RICHARD ALDINGTON. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Charity is not the perennial virtue of literary sets but wit and dignity help to make the lack of it supportable. If Mr. Aldington's book on the Douglas and Orioli group in Florence and Capri had had these qualities one might just tolerate his memoir as a footnote in the history of literary rancour; but it has not. In this itinerant section of Bohemia he seems to have had the role which the shiny papers denominate by the phrase—"And friend." Now slighted love has turned. Once strongly drawn by Douglas's powerful personality, Mr. Aldington has put down a strange mixture of memories which convey how nice and important he was and what an ungrateful collection of jealous clowns, simpletons and ill-intentioned eccentrics he fell among. The book is supposed to give those odd, personal and gossipy particulars which the out-of-date "frank" school of biography went in for in the Twenties. A good deal of guess-work and hearsay goes to the picture of Norman Douglas's life and Douglas, when Mr. Aldington met him, is presented as a bored and exhausted old scarifier of 62, reprehensible in his sexual vices, generally drunk, selfish, sordid and rather acute in his money dealings. Orioli, the bookseller, is portrayed as a buffoon kept handy by Douglas to distract him from the angers of exile, and Douglas is said to have ruined Orioli's naive autobiography by "hamming up" Orioli's prose when he edited it. Charles Prentice, one of the really perceptive publishers of his generation, appears as a sort of schoolboy. If one has turned against a set of people, it is surely indispensable to write about them without self-righteousness, pomposity and self-congratulation. Mr. Aldington's judgment fails him. In that masterly piece of pamphleteering, *A Plea for Better Manners*, Norman Douglas defined this kind of thing perfectly as a study in "how much Sir Edmund Gosse pays his scullery maid."

To that not precisely riveting interest Mr. Aldington adds the technique of the smear. It is all very genteelly done. For example, he discusses the perfectly proper question whether the ruthless hedonism Norman Douglas affected leads to self-protective callousness. Mr. Aldington puts it in this wound-and-kiss-it-better manner:

> Lawrence told his American friend, Brewster, that Norman had entirely dropped Frieda and himself during their war days of poverty and persecution, on purely hedonistic grounds of self-protection. It may be so, but I think Lawrence did not ever know the persecution and hardship which Norman himself suffered during the war.

So far, so fair, as tittle-tattle goes, though Heaven deliver us from such touchy people. But Mr. Aldington continues:

> Again, I have heard it said that although Norman was in Lisbon at the time, this hedonistic self-protection kept him from ever going to see his best friend Pino when he was dying in Lisbon during the war; but I don't even know that the facts are as reported, and prefer to think the tale a calumny.

Why, when you don't "even know" the facts, spread the calumny? There are many passages in this classical feminine style. First, the *Life* of D. H. Lawrence, now the portrait of Norman Douglas—Mr. Aldington is setting up as the blustering and hanging judge of writers whose chief sins are that they are Mr. Aldington's superiors and seem to have been negligent of him. Who else has neglected Mr. Aldington?

Norman Douglas is more vulnerable to this treatment than the others because he scorned to conceal his personality and gave a good many people the edge of his mind. He had a certain vanity in concealing his virtues. He was a character, a railing and sardonic exile from the north, the first to announce that he was no saint. He was very self-sufficient. Mr. Aldington portrays him as boorish at table, boring in talk, and jealous—of Mr. Aldington who, it appears, was omitted from the dedication to a book! This view of Douglas was not shared by the large numbers of gifted admirers who sought him out, who found his conversation delightful, his astringency stimulating and his mind a reward. He did not suffer fools. At one time, it appears that Mr. Aldington, in some private trouble, wrote a letter "pouring out his heart" as the saying is, to Douglas, who replied by asking to be sent some tobacco. That may indicate heartlessness or brutality; it looks, after reading this book, like perception of character.

Mr. Aldington professes to be a great admirer of some of Douglas's writings. The reader can check for himself which is a more plausible portrait of Orioli—Mr. Aldington's picture of the stage Italian, speaking absurd English, behaving like an idiot, and displaying none of the sensibility, compassion and penetration of mind which others noted in him; or the self-portrait which Douglas edited in *Adventures of a Bookseller* and which Mr. Aldington says Douglas "hammed up." No doubt a sparkling actor like Orioli is hard to pin down on paper and—as Mr. Aldington says—much of his quality evaporates; but Douglas's work on the book has preserved a humanity and feeling of which Mr. Aldington's portrait is a burlesque. Douglas despised the theories of the novelist; he perfected his own technique of Butlerian commentary. In the north of England a certain kind of manner is called Wesleyan because it is two-faced; in his remarks on *South Wind* Mr. Aldington has written the perfect Wesleyan, for he proceeds to give us, first an extremely unplausible dialogue with an unnamed French critic called J.S. (a synthetic, stage-French intellectual) in which we are told *South Wind* was all out-of-date stuff cribbed from Wilde and Moore and has no plot: (Douglas bungled the murder). Mr. Aldington then proceeds to show how generous he is by condescending to esteem the book he has got a stooge to sneer at.

How can one explain such a collapse of judgment? Mr. Aldington frequently refers to his own workaday industry, his regular boiling of the pot, his desire to be of service to authors and publishers, his virtue as a heterosexual, his worth as an epicure. He appears to have had his success. He appears also, despite this book, to have enjoyed Douglas and Orioli and to have sought their genial company and has many cheerful memories of it and one or two good tales to tell. (I recommend the one about the day Orioli lost his trousers.) Why has it all gone sour? Even Hitler, it turns out, did not behave as well as he might have done to Mr. Aldington, for in a remarkable passage, he assures us that World War Two was a specific and jealous attempt to put an end to cheap travel for artists on the continent. We have paid a high price for Mr. Aldington.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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of hand and overplayed itself, the clear vision is marred by some clownish opacity. It is of course satisfying when an act performed in one world produces its effect in another: that in itself is a work of art. But if it goes on all the time! There must have been many peoples only too glad to take to something gentle, and rid themselves of the guilty strain their own bloody rites imposed. They in fact became civilised, allowing fatal acts to be done symbolically and vicariously.

When the symbol wears out, you return to the source. How return more easily than through anthropological writings? These, in dealing with the enormous acts of savages, have often become (like the things they describe) works of art themselves, in which the wonderful, the odd and the strange are all displayed. Indeed, under the tutelage of Comparative Anthropology they became such works of art that an ideal and most convincing society was discovered. Accounts of savage life from all over the world were pressed into the service of this new and daring Victorian religion. The anthropologist, swearing to his soul that she was now an angel, proved to her that she was a beast; though her downfall came when she was proved, not merely a beast, but a mechanical one. The modern progress of anthropology through its various frames of reference is interesting but never quite satisfying. Where does the human being get to, for instance, when he is brought down to a set of independent variables in a self-consistent matrix? Presumably into that world of everyday reality where every single action may be as important as any other, like a chapter out of *Ulysses*. The savage, who once was caught fast in his pre-logical mentality, who all day made magic, cast spells and attended to his rites, now finds himself with an almost unlimited amount of spare time on his hands.

"To the errors and weaknesses of men—serving as raw material for the plot of tragedies—the anthropologist opposes the pattern that emerges when human behaviour is studied from the point of view of interpersonal relations," writes Mr. Calas in *his* foreword. The differences between man and his destiny are only with difficulty composed. It is only when the acts of a particular man are examined that they appear creative and spontaneous: such acts seen historically seem to be inevitable, if never predictable. Art and Science hold intercourse, like a Tibetan *Yab-yum*: their impregnating conversation luckily never finishes, and the argument is never won. It may, however, have pauses: Margaret Mead and Nicolas Calas suggest that such a pause is now on us, when it is time to take a new bath in spiritual actuality. The anthology which they have put together as an encouragement for the rest of us does what they hope it will: the selections are short, they fail to satisfy the hungry mind but leave it "saturated with images which obstinately refuse to leave the stage of the imagination." You may now make up your savage as you please: with the selections offered you, he will go into almost any form. But here it's the detail which is such fun. I myself particularly enjoyed reading about the Society of Contraries among the Cheyenne.

> These Contraries acted by opposites. If they wished to signify assent, they said "No." If one requested a Contrary to go away, he came nearer. If asked to ride, he walked. If he called out to his woman, "Do not bring any more wood, we have plenty," she knew that the wood in the lodge was exhausted and that more should be brought.

I liked "Speaking to Tigers but not to Bears"; I was pleased to see the Primal Horde again, though sorry no White Goddess was there to accompany the Old Male. To make up for this, there is a lovely description of Erzulie, the Haitian goddess of Love. One may ponder on the odd behaviour of the *lung-gom-pa*, or running lama; on the unspeakable Hiroquois, who were cruel as only human beings can be; on the Brave New World of the Muria, where everyone belongs to everyone else. "There," says Margaret Mead, putting her words into Democracy's mouth, "by grace of Technical Assistance, go men who could be even as I." The anthology, of course, makes this remark the other way round.

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## THREE CHRISTIAN POETS

**The Death Bell.** By VERNON WATKINS. *Faber.* 10s. 6d.

**The Pot Geranium.** By NORMAN NICHOLSON. *Faber.* 9s. 6d.

**A Charm Against the Toothache.** By JOHN HEATH-STUBBS. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

Dr. Johnson, a devout Christian and a good poet, disliked the notion of making poetry out of Christianity. The remark occurs in his life of Milton, and it is true, I think, that if Milton had been centrally or typically a Christian in the ordinary sense, he could never have written *Paradise Lost*; just as, if Michelangelo had been centrally or typically a Christian in the ordinary sense, he could never have painted the Sistine Chapel. The God of Christianity is not even the most splendidly muscular old man with a beard, nor does He address the soul in even the most sonorous blank verse. The central experience of the Christian life is, perhaps, the attempt of the soul, in prayer, to divest itself of insincerity. But when one tries to pray in poetry, or to represent the condition of the mind in prayer in poetry, one is no longer thinking solely of God, one is thinking also of an audience—all the devils of insincerity rush back again into the swept and garnished room. Thus much of the typically "religious" poetry of the last century—*The Christian Year*, say, or *The Dream of Gerontius*—is essentially minor; and what makes Hopkins great is not just his "religiousness" but the tremendous, proud, life-asserting, profane genius in him that it had to struggle with. Today, however, the Christian poet cannot keep his religion, the central thing, apart from his poetry, that "superior amusement." He has to bear witness to his faith in his verse, against unbelievers. I think this necessity often hampers him, purely as a poet: it is a question, for instance, whether any Christian poet of this century is as "great" as Yeats or as "pure" as Mr. Graves.

In a fine stanza from *The Death Bell*, Mr. Vernon Watkins has this specific problem in mind:

> Verse is a part of silence. I have known
> Always that declamation is impure.
> This language best fits prayer,
> The crystal night
> Teeming with worlds in mathematic height.
> Prodigious darkness guards its undertone,
> And though that wheel of air,
> Seems to leave nothing earthly to endure,
> The likeness, not the original, is gone.

"Declamation," of course, this is, and very fine of its sort, too. As a Christian poet, Mr. Watkins has to solve the problem of expressing his sincerity through an expansive aptitude that we do not always associate with sincerity—an aptitude a little, say, like that of Swinburne or Whitman:

> Late I return, O violent, colossal, reverberant, eavesdropping sea . . .

There is nothing, of course, like rhetoric for denouncing rhetoric, and in his use of the grand manner, worn familiarly, Mr. Watkins owes a great deal to Yeats. This is an obvious echo,

> Or this may come to pass:
> One intense moment may consume the rest,
> A flash translate blind mortals into seers—

as, in the short three-beat line, is this:

> If I dare pray for one
> Gift in the coming age
> That might protect my son
> On every shifting stage
> Keeping his joy as true
> As now he feels in play . . .

It is a tribute to Mr. Watkins that this comparison can be made; to make it scrupulously, of course, is to bring out weaknesses. The sentence in the three-beat line poem goes on too long, is not clinched as Yeats would have clinched it. The vocabulary is rich but could be much more fastidious: "shifting stage," "intense moment," "crystal night" are dignified *clichés*, but *clichés* they are; "prodigious" and "consume" have had the moths at them in Yeats's own wardrobe; and ought a flash to "*translate* blind mortals into seers" (incongruously reminding us of Bottom with the ass's head), or had it not better *transmute* them? The real individuality of Mr. Watkins's craftsmanship comes out less in his choice of words than in his shaping of sound-patterns within the line, so as subtly to reinforce the sense:

> My great *prayer* is crossed.
> By all the travelling beasts. My proud loins lust.
> Snatch up, untwist me, twelve-tongued Pentecost,
> For Nature *makes me* mortal in her bed.

"Crossed," "beasts," "lust," "untwist"—the sibilant-dental combination, with its sinister hiss, suggests all the forces tugging against prayer, until this association is triumphantly reversed in "Pentecost." "Prayer" and "proud" are not just mechanically alliterated; the alliteration makes us reflect that pride is the chief enemy of prayer, prayer of pride. And "makes me mortal" in the last line enforces a hesitancy of interpretation—sad dead plod, or grand dead march?—through its Miltonic deliberation. No young poet who cares, in fact, for verse craftsmanship can neglect Mr. Watkins's book. It is an excellent first choice for the new Poetry Book Society to have made. In his ballads, which he sharply distinguishes from his "poems," Mr. Watkins seems to me to have a style in which we are less aware of synthesised elements, to be more personal and original than in his poems, and to have more human range. But in the poems he sets himself, and solves, more elaborate technical problems and expresses more of the depth of his experience.

I wish I could be similarly enthusiastic about the first recommendation, as opposed to choice,

of the Poetry Book Society, Mr. Nicholson's *The Pot Geranium*. Mr. Nicholson seems to me a good poet who has become the victim of his formulas. The chief formula is to consider the local geology and architecture of Cumberland and suggest, by loving minute description of these, God's particular, patient love for everything in this various universe. But Mr. Nicholson's universe—not God's—seems to me not various enough. The geology becomes too much like a catalogue :

> In the bones of the rock
> The fossils are living,
> Crinoid and ammonite . .

(And the fossils are *not* " living " and isn't " bones " a tactless metaphor ?) The description of place becomes like Betjemanese, without the sigh or the giggle, which one misses:

> A freestone sill
> Pins a parallelogram of brown
> Against blurred purple stucco; Virginia creeper dangles down
> In clots and fists of shadow . . .

These precise observations will, towards the end of a poem, be related, in a slightly forced way, to too broad a " message." And there is in more directly religious poems, it seems to me, a peculiar obtuseness about *tone*—about how, so to say, it would strike an outsider:

> Have mercy on all who will not accept Thy mercy,
> Who gouge their eyes out
> Because they cannot see;
> Then call their darkness—*Thee*.

I am not sure whom Mr. Nicholson is " getting at " here (atheists, or Christians tempted to despair ?) but something complacently uncharitable in the attitude comes out in the italics, the dash, the jauntiness, the repulsive (though, in Dr. Leavis's sense, " unrealised ") metaphor about gouging out eyes. Let us all, indeed, pray that our light is not darkness, but do not let us ever be too sure it is not. Mr. Nicholson does seem to me to have evaded the main problem which a Christian poet must face today—that he can reach his respectful but confused or sceptical audience not at the level of the religious dogmas which that audience may reject, but only at the level of the religious experience which no human being is able to evade.

I find much more genial, and congenial, the tone of Mr. Heath-Stubbs's slighter and less ambitious volume, which contains a good proportion of light or humorous verse, and is written from the point of view of the Christian sinner. It is full of jokes and literary airs and graces, but the unifying theme of the book is the sense of loss:

> So you are gone, and are proved bad change, as we had always known . . .
> I am coming to think now that all I have loved were shadows
> Strayed up from a dead world, through a gap in a raped tomb . . .

Through the extravagantly and often pedantically " poetic " diction of Mr. Heath-Stubbs's poems, a growingly distinctive personal voice, sad, tired, humble, humorous, and charitable, is making itself heard. I like *A Charm Against the Toothache* better than any of Mr. Heath-Stubbs's previous volumes.

G. S. FRASER

## INVADING THE DEEP

**To Hidden Depths.** By PHILLIPPE TAILLIEZ. *Kimber*. 16*s*.

**Hunting Big Fish.** By MARCEL ISY-SCHWART. *Burke*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Two great continents, neither of them terrestrial, have been invaded in this century. The conquest of the air began fifty years ago, the invasion of the sea is now going on. The air is only a barren highway. The sea-bed of the continental shelf, the shallow water that surrounds most of the world's coasts, is an immense continent far richer than South America when it was first invaded by the Spanish, and as vulnerable to its conquistadors.

Captain Tailliez was one of that happy band of French naval officers who took to skin-diving in the Mediterranean before the war and later developed the technique of the compressed-air aqualung which, in 1943, was conceived by Cousteau and designed by Gagnan. During the war he worked with Cousteau making his first brilliant underwater films, and was appointed to command the Groupe d'Études et de Recherches Sous-Marines of Toulon. The work and adventures of these pioneers has already been described in *The Silent World*, so that Tailliez's excellent, if rather episodic, story—for instance of exploring the icy funnel of the fountain at Vaucluse, and salvaging marble capitals from the wrecked galley at Mahdia—is often largely a repetition of the earlier book.

In 1950 Tailliez, as a serving officer, was posted to Indo-China and found himself diving in the troubled waters of Viet Nam. Salvaging or destroying sunken munitions ships in impenetrably muddy tropical rivers is one of the more unpleasant tasks of modern war. But at sea —where the patrols seem to have been chiefly engaged in forcing the Viet Minh to scuttle sampans loaded with salt—there was some pleasure to be found under water. The sea was clear and blue, and there were sunken cargoes of tin worth searching for. And in an idyllic interlude on the island of Culao Ré he met a concourse of Indonesian divers and filmed shoals of them leaping through the water. They had contrived masks of glass ovals fitted in leather or old rubber inner-tube, an art they had learnt from Chinese fishermen long before Tailliez and Cousteau had ever heard of goggles.

He was present during the fiasco of Piccard's first attempts with a bathyscaphe, an independent deep-water submarine that was quite safe beneath the sea, but disastrously vulnerable on the surface. (In diving generally the risk of accident is greatest on the surface, just as air crashes are most liable to happen when landing.) Piccard was obliged to abandon his bathyscaphe, and began working with the Italians, and meanwhile the French, under Houot, constructed a new one that would be as safe as a submarine on the surface as well as under water. Tailliez was on hand when it made its great descent to over 4,000 metres. He was able to dive in and film it sinking out of sight into the abyss.

Like many other Frenchmen, Tailliez is aware of the potentialities of his new element. He is less analytical than Cousteau, too much of a practical man to share Diolé's view that submarine experience can have a great civilising effect on one's sensibilities; but he is convinced that man can do much to humanise and civilise the sea.

> " You see," she said, " the sea is richer than the earth " . . . I could have told her that the sea, too, would one day have its shepherds and peasants, its flocks and gardens, that various of its fruits or fauna, with care and long research, would become famous, noble and useful, as the rose or jasmine, the apple or the peach, the horse or the sheep.

Marcel Isy-Schwart has no such vision of the future. He is a goggle-fisher and an adventurer, whose first instinct upon invading a continent is to kill its inhabitants. He claims to be the world underwater hunting champion, though his record-breaking grouper (391½ pounds) hardly looks larger than those vast carcases beside which the tanned bodies of proud skin-divers may be seen reclining in photographs in the American magazines. He is a small, tough and jocular Frenchman who began spearing groupers in the Riviera. When they grew too scarce, having been decimated and become wary, he went to Corsica, Spain and Tunisia in constant pursuit of bigger fish that did not know him too well to let him come within range. When he did not find Eldorado in the Mediterranean he went to the Canaries, and when Europe seemed to > tame (and its fish too wild) he went and shot monstrous groupers in Brazil and the Caribbean.

The mere recital of ever-greater slaughter of fish, measured solely in terms of pounds of flesh, would make dreary reading, but fortunately Isy-Schwart's trained eye notices other things as


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well as his prey, and the descriptions of his submarine battlefields give a true and clear idea of what it is like to be under water. Tailliez can produce far better reasons why you should look below the surface; he realises that he is an invader, and he understands the responsibility of exploiting a new continent, but he does not convey so well what it is like when you get there.

RICHARD GARNETT

## THE LATITUDE MEN

**The Platonic Renaissance in England.** By ERNST CASSIRER. Translated by J. P. PETTEGROVE. *Nelson.* 15*s.*

When the late Professor Cassirer began to study seriously the Cambridge Platonists, he "was astonished to find that the Cambridge School was not, as had commonly been thought, an isolated sect, but that it had its roots deep in the past, and that . . . it had played a by no means negligible part in determining the character of the modern mind." So he published in 1932 *Die platonische Renaissance in England und die Schule von Cambridge*, here translated into rather awkwardly Germanic American-English. It is difficult to make a clear, terse, natural-sounding translation from German; literalness should be discarded, together with the spate of redundant words that befog each sentence. The translator contributes no graces of style; he insists on "commence" for begin, on the long, cumbrous, stilted sentence, which may go all right in German, but in English, whatever the subject, simply does not do. He also keeps the irritating habit of mixing his tenses, the past with the narrative present. And the German infection produces such grammar as "Hence we have the strange spectacle that. . . ."

All this makes this learned little book rather unpalatable to read; there is a case for re-translating it into terser and better English. For, though no one is likely to have supposed the Cambridge Platonists "an isolated sect," with no ancestors or descendants, Professor Cassirer does add to the light thrown in the last thirty years by Dr. J. H. Muirhead and Professor Powicke on the various influences from which the philosophy of the Cambridge group derived, tracing it not only from Plato, Plotinus, the Neo-Platonists, Origen, Clement and the Alexandrians, but through Ficino and the Florentine Academy of the Renaissance and the reaction against Augustinianism and Aristotle, through Erasmus and the English humanists, Colet and More, with a side-glance at Spenserian Platonism, and so into the puritan-ridden, scientifically empirical seventeenth century, where it almost met its Waterloo at the grim hands of illiberal Calvinism, Cartesian arbitrary theism, and the materialism of Hobbes. But it also met its stimulus; for dogmatic puritanism, snarling like a dragon in the road, roused these Cambridge dons (themselves largely Emmanuel men bred in the Puritan camp) to their humanist liberal challenge, which found expression in what was perhaps the most agreeable movement in Anglican history. Whichcote's sermons and letters, John Smith's Discourses (he had, says Dr. Tulloch, writing eighty years ago on English rational theology, the richest mind of them all), Cudworth's *Intellectual System* and other writings, Henry More, the charming spirit-ridden mystic, good Platonist and tedious poet, and the others of the group, launched throughout the middle and later years of the embattled theological century their religion of reason, humanism and light. "The Latitude Men," their enemies called them, because they preached toleration, inquired into every opinion, condemned bigotry, both Catholic and Puritan, and spoke for Platonic reason, Christian ethics and the light that had lighted every man from the beginning of the world. This was their great contribution to religious thought, their great solvent of theological tension. This was what later delighted and was preached by Shaftesbury, and a little later still by William Law, who, though he spoke with the very voice of his Cambridge predecessors (on their theological side), is not mentioned by Dr. Cassirer, who leaps from Shaftesbury to the German philosophers of the Enlightenment.

Much less valuable was the group's contribution to scientific thought and philosophy in its non-religious sense. This Dr. Cassirer examines with learning and thoroughness, but it is perhaps not really worth while. The Cambridge men had not the training for such study; it was out of their true line. Of course it interested them. Space and matter, empiricism and idealism, the plastic theory of nature as against the mechanical, and all the rest of the scientific-philosophical problems that took their attention, were part of the culture of the educated seventeenth-century man, like astrology, chemistry, alchemy and apparitions. They were enjoyable hobbies, as were Henry More's flights of angels and his interminable philosophic poems. But, as Dr. Cassirer points out, the Latitudinarians had not really either the method or the mathematics for constructive, as distinguished from derived, philosophy. He spends over much time dissecting their researches in these fields. But he does penetrate their scholastic exterior to the moral and religious core, which was their exaltation of reason, liberty of thought, the Logos, free and liberal speculation, "the candle of the Lord" in man. No wonder they were abused by contemporary bigots, standing as they did (wrote an admirer) between "the meretricious gaudiness of the Church of Rome and the squalid sluttery of the fanatic conventicles" and adhering to "the virtuous mediocrity" of the Church of England, which they did much to liberate from its Lutheran and Calvinist bogies. Episcopalians and liturgy-lovers, they yet refused to condemn those who were not, for in all men was "the deiform seed" which grew into eternal life. "They allowed," said Bishop Burnet, "a great freedom, both in philosophy and divinity. . . . And men of narrower thoughts and fiercer tempers fastened upon them the name of Latitudinarians."

Their religious and moral ideas have been a permanent, if flickering, lamp through the history of the Christian religion, now quenched, now reappearing, assaulted by ecclesiastical arrogance and fundamentalist bigotries, but never quite extinguished. Dr. Cassirer's learned, ill-written, comprehensive study goes further than his predecessors in setting the Latitude men in their historical place in the movement.

ROSE MACAULAY

## THE FAMILY UNIT

**The Neglected Child and the Social Services.** By D. V. DONNISON. *Manchester University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Does the right hand of a Local Authority sometimes not know what its left hand is doing? Quite often, in the case of the family in difficulty, it seems not to. A family is evicted by the Housing Department for owing £10 rent. As a direct result of this the children are taken "into care" by the Children's Department. This same authority is then paying out 15 or 20 guineas a week for the maintenance of three children because their father owes the authority £10. The result of this lack of focus on the family as a unit is not only unnecessary expenditure of public funds. Far more serious is the creation of a whole series of new social problems, resulting from the broken family, and its fruit, the deprived child.

In this fascinating and authoritative book, which traces the work of statutory and voluntary social services for 188 families in Manchester and Salford whose children came into public care, Mr. Donnison gives a picture of a network of social services, each working for "categories of persons" rather than for individuals as members of families. The old person, the nursing or expectant mother, the adolescent, the school child, the infant, the physically or mentally ill, the tenant, the person on National Assistance, or the boy on probation—all these categories of people are visited and followed up by a small army of Health Visitors, School Welfare Officers, Mental Health Workers, officials of the N.A.B. and Housing Departments, Probation Officers and workers from voluntary societies. Mr. Donnison describes a case in which—

> A probation officer called at the house to find the Mother already being interviewed by a school welfare officer, a mental health visitor, a boarding-out officer from the Children's Department, and a City Councillor . . . Other visitors from the N.S.P.C.C., the Health Department, the Housing Department and the Family Service Unit probably called on this family later in the same week.

"It is not surprising," he comments, "that all of them reported the Mother to be apathetic, and to respond little to advice."

His book reaffirms the growing conviction of workers in the field, as well as members and officials of local authorities, that a new perspective on social work for the family is urgently needed. The new emphasis must be on the overriding need to maintain the family as a unit. Individuals must be thought of in their family setting and not as a "type of case" or a "category of person." This new approach must be worked out through the friendship and mutual trust built up between an individual family and *one* trained person, whose sole responsibility that family and its problems have become. Specialised services will be used to help the family as and when the worker sees the need. Mr. Donnison does not ask for new legislation or new powers; he asks for selected workers from all the services to be given the opportunity and sole responsibility for rehabilitating families who are in difficulty, from whatever cause. In this way only can the creation of neglected and deprived children be prevented. A few weeks of help in a time of family crisis may prevent a lifetime of institutional care for a child.

PEGGY JAY

Latest additions to the Loeb Classical Library (translated, respectively, by C. H. Oldfather, Russel M. Geer and J. O. Burtt) are two volumes (VI and X) of *Diodorus Siculus* and a second volume of *Minor Attic Orators* (Heinemann, 15s. each).


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## NEW NOVELS

**Bhowani Junction.** By JOHN MASTERS. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**The Deserters.** By HONOR TRACY. *Methuen.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

**Falling Stream.** By HESTER W. CHAPMAN. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

I feel badly winded after an encounter with the fierce talent of Mr. John Masters. Went in blithely, uncertain what to expect, unwilling to be downed by supporters' roars . . . and what a long book this *Bhowani Junction* is!—fifteen rounds with a writer in hard condition whose strategy turns on the real interest of his subject, that of the loneliness and confusion of half-caste Anglo-Indians in the year before the British (their kind, contemptuous protectors) departed, while his tactics aim continually for a knock-out and all but attain it. Breathless, I somehow was still in there fighting, and was I mistaken in thinking that towards the end the pace weakened?

Yet many points had been scored. Reluctance to concede advantage to the novelist of specialised experience? That is battered at once by the confidence with which Mr. Masters creates his Anglo-Indians and the virtuosity with which he has them speak, live, and suffer in their own persons.

> I felt her taking a good look at me. Her own skin was the same colour as mine, perhaps a little browner, less yellow. We didn't look like English people. We looked like what we were—Anglo-Indians, Eurasians, cheechees, half-castes, eight-annas, blacky-whites. *I've* heard all the names they call us, but I don't think about them unless I'm angry.

Admirable directness, and followed up by a display of other powers perhaps more interesting. The Victorian ideal of combining entertainment with instruction is realised, but with short, modern sentences in mercifully short paragraphs. There is an understanding (definitely unusual nowadays) of the connection between constructive work and respectability: the Anglo-Indian "Pater" of the quotation below (it is his daughter speaking) is an engine-driver:

> I saw Pater walking down the platform beside the train. He had put his coat on now and taken off the red bandana. He looked old, tired, and very dirty under the glaring lamps. He saw me in the compartment and made to come forward, but then he saw Colonel Savage and stopped, smiling. He waved his hand and went away.

The power to represent sensation in simple terms is less unusual, but some of the things done with it here are unusually difficult—limpid depicting, for instance, of a kind of "anti-anxiety" principle in characters whom that malady does not sway.

As much and more conceded, *Bhowani Junction* is not the experience to which its author's distinct and sympathetically distributed powers aspire. It is a "junction" between a number of lines of possible achievement. Junctions are exciting places, but there is something empty about them. Mr. Masters hopes that his novel is "also a work of history," yet confesses that he has altered dates, so he cannot reach that terminus however near; meanwhile the even affections that seemed to promise to carry us to the heart of Anglo-India have also flashed past, and it is hard to take equal pleasure in the passing of the more old-fashioned Rodney Savage, a British Colonel "as sure of himself as a tiger" and far more preposterous. Mr. Masters seems to find this hard, too; the humourless terms in which he makes the colonel describe his love-affair with the Eurasian heroine (whose happiness "lived in . . . the wide and slippery gulfs of my bed") are excruciating and reveal their author as, in certain necessary respects and qualifications, dashed elementary.

Absence of humour is not Miss Tracy's forte. The humorist is often sad. These are commonplaces; introduce them to a rich, off-beat subject, such as the ways of women police in their efforts to recapture wartime "Deserters" of the female auxiliary services, and the result ought to be delicious. It almost is. Yet *The Deserters* has not come out quite right. The *meunière* is good, the flesh beneath a little under-cooked. Sadness, instead of deepening the humorous flavour, contradicts it queasily. Sergeant Sophie Lewis, centre-piece of Miss Tracy's dish, has resisted being put through the same mangle as the rest; she is sad in a romantic way and seen lost in a sad spiritual maze; of course she has a sense of humour but one shared with her creator rather than with her fellow-characters. The ruthless vision that is withdrawn from Sophie and from her alone leaves Miss Tracy with some ruthless vision to spare, and she does not waste this but uses it questionably to belabour victims already abject, such as a glamorous Lady Clarissa Hope Martyns, copped for bad cheques. Not only does Miss Tracy give an account of the "elaborately mean devices, the patient cunning" by which Lady C. had "swindled a number of tradespeople out of their money," she also strips the delinquent of her glamour—"weary lines" under eyes, streaks of grey in hair, bad skin, twitching cheek—and, lest we might miss the point, accords her an unmentionable disease. Really it is Miss Tracy who has missed here by having been too cruel and too kind. Discomfort thus flaws a slight tale otherwise pleasant, full of giggles, and written with rough affection in which a bizarre sense of reality pops up like an extra clown.

Far from a Welfare State, whose social-managerial concepts have been said by a recent diagnostician to be about to overrun with ever-increasing inevitability the domains of the novelist's imagination, travels Miss Chapman in the charming *Falling Stream*. Is she then immune? I would not dare deny that a gloomy, hostile prognosis could be based on the presence of something almost petrified in the determination of the escapism that transports her eternal triangle (British, middle-class, interestingly angled) to an Italy of culture and ducal living. The angles of the triangle—neurotic wife, exasperated husband, mainstay spinster friend—do not know that freedom is what each craves, and are made to know in pages of which some are unexceptionable. Yet the care of the demonstration grates. Has it hardened, that exempt world of Miss Bagnold's *The Loved and Envied* where *Falling Stream* less significantly clings? Should it post back towards social uniformity with fairer shares of primmer judgments? Must we, its beneficiaries, adopt the verdict above-mentioned, that the immunity of the imagination is forfeit and its products can expect no exemption?

GILES ROMILLY

## SHORTER REVIEWS

**Tibetan Journey.** By GEORGE N. PATTERSON. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Mr. Patterson's journey across the South-East of Tibet to collect fresh supplies from India for his work as a medical missionary in the Kham province was through high and difficult country, along a route untravelled by any European, and barely known to the Tibetans. To the natural difficulties ("Here we unloaded the animals and proceeded to cut steps in the ice with our swords") were added the hostility of local officials, the scarcity of food, and the need for haste. Vividly Mr. Patterson makes us share the hazards of riding in a country where the paths are cut out of cliffs: "Occasionally a horse would slip . . . and the rear hooves go over the edge and the rider would have to throw himself forward along the horse's neck as it scrambled wildly to regain its balance. The others would sit back in their saddles and roar with laughter." It was an extremely brave and competent journey, though it failed of its purpose, for the Communists had moved into Tibet before Mr. Patterson could start back from India with his medical supplies.

"I wanted a cause for which I might die," he begins his Preface; and he enlists our sympathy for his idealism and determination to carry Christianity and hygiene to Tibet until he forfeits it by a sort of spiritual arrogance and pompousness: "I dropped well behind the caravan as I turned my thoughts to


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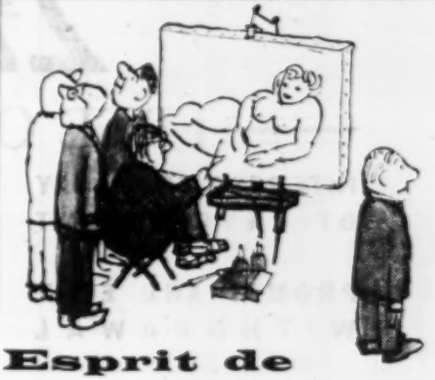

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nature instead of man for a change." Though he is an amused recorder of the girl-chasing of his Tibetan companions, it is always *de haut en bas*: and when he attempts to be light he is too often merely facetious. It is hard luck on Mr. Patterson that his book should appear when Heinrich Harrer's *Seven Years in Tibet* is fresh in readers' memories. Herr Harrer accepted Tibetan life, grew to understand it, and then managed, here and there, to modify it: Mr. Patterson gives the impression of wishing to inject Western values rather too forcibly, and of having a mind more rigid, less adaptable, than his tough, resilient body.

**Shakespearian Emendations and Discoveries.** By HOWARD PARSONS. *Ettrick Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Many years ago Mr. Parsons, having "chanced to see a replica of the First Folio in a shop," was moved to purchase it and set up as a textual critic. In nine out of ten of his conjectural emendations he found later that he had been forestalled by earlier inquirers, but he is nevertheless able to print a substantial body of original speculations covering seven of the plays. What does Iris in *The Tempest* mean in speaking of river-banks with "pioned, and twilled brims"? Nobody knows—but now Mr. Parsons gets it right. What Shakespeare really wrote was "peonied and willow'd brims." In *Hamlet*, after all, doesn't a *willow* grow aslant a *brook*, and does not *Chambers's Encyl.* state that one kind of peony is undoubtedly naturalised on an island in the Severn? Mr. Parsons is not a professional scholar, and he seems not always to agree with Dr. Johnson that "the reading of the ancient books is probably true, and therefore is not to be disturbed for the sake of elegance, perspicuity, or mere improvement of the sense." But he is consistently alert and resourceful before Shakespeare's text, and something of the fine confidence of the eighteenth-century commentators revives in his pages.

**Coleridge, Opium and Kubla Khan.** By ELISABETH SCHNEIDER. *Chicago University Press: Cambridge.* 37*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Humphry House, in his recent admirable Clark lectures, argued that *Kubla Khan* could be made to yield a thoroughly rational and coherent meaning, without the reader's having recourse to critical procedures based on depth-psychology or on unwarranted assumptions about the processes of poetic composition. Professor Schneider agrees with him. But she is not very interested in poetic meaning anyway; or perhaps it would be truer to say that she is satisfied with much less in the way of meaning, of human and moral relevance, than most readers of poetry. Perhaps she is not much interested in the poem as such, at all. At any rate she only gets to it after 237 pages of arguments with other critics, of appeals to medical authorities about the nature of opium addiction, of source-hunting, and of arguments about the date of composition. The 50 pages then given to the poem contain a very interesting analysis of its musical structure, which was modelled, so it seems, very deliberately on Milton. But Professor Schneider's first concern is to establish that the poem was not composed in sleep and that therefore it is not a product of "the unconscious mind." To this end she argues very plausibly that the sources found by J. Livingston Lowes in Coleridge's reading of travellers' tales had already, most of them, been assimilated into the literary tradition of the oriental tale in prose or verse, of which two specimens in particular, Southey's *Thalaba* and Landor's *Gebir*, were occupying Coleridge's attention at just the time he composed *Kubla Khan*. On this showing, however, Coleridge must appear a shameless, almost a pathological, liar; and the most disturbing thing about this book is that it belittles Coleridge not just in this way, but in general. *Kubla Khan* itself, Professor Schneider thinks, has been overrated.

The author shows herself more than once embarrassed by the cumbrousness of her own machinery, and certainly, though her style is pleasantly free of jargon, her scholarship lacks the sustaining excitement and enthusiasm in the chase that makes *The Road to Xanadu* so readable. One feels that the material here presented in a volume running, with appendices and notes, to over 350 pages, would have been more digestible in the compass of a monograph.

**A Marshland Omnibus.** By S. L. BENSUSAN. *Duckworth.* 21*s.*

Essex, though it lies on the verge of London, is as remote and curious a county as any in the kingdom. Mr. Bensusan's inimitable short stories about its people—a human comedy in little—are indeed a record of a very late-surviving, almost vanished way of village life and thought. The village has its tragedies, too, and in certain stories Mr. Bensusan presents them. But his strength is in his humour, which is of the dry sort, and in his affectionate ear for the dialogue which contains it. In the introduction to this volume he describes the course of his sixty years' acquaintance with the Essex marshlands; first as a young law student in search of health; then in every interval from work as music critic and journalist in London and other European capitals; finally, as a permanent East Anglian countryman. During that time, as he shows, there have been fundamental changes in rural working conditions; but not in the essential character of the Essex native—shrewd, homely, individual, a match (on his own soil) for "foreigners"; nor in that attractive and little-known dialect which Mr. Bensusan justly finds so "remarkable a medium for concise expression," with phrases and words, elsewhere forgotten, "going back to Wyclif, Chaucer and Shakespeare."

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*In Every Ship of the Royal Navy*

540 pages of this rich collection; the earliest tales are from books now out of print, others are newly written. It is pleasant to find in these that London is still "the bad owd place," and that the furniture in some of the village houses is "that old fashioned it ain't hardly respectable." We may read, too, of the ploughman's friend who "went f'r a sojer to kill they Jarmans tharty year agoo 'an more, an' stiddy him killin' them, they bin an' killed him. I count that wore a dirty bit o' they Jarmans. He'd never done them no hurt; they never give him th' chance. I feel th' miss o' Jarge." This might be vintage Bensusan; it is, in fact, from the very latest story in the book.

**Radical Leicester.** By A. TEMPLE PATTERSON. *University College, Leicester.* 30*s.*

Mr. Patterson's admirable history of Leicester is free from the curse of dullness that so often makes local studies drearily unreadable. As a "social" historian, he follows Cole rather than Trevelyan: he is concerned more with canals, railways, unions, strikes and elections than with manners and morals. Yet the facts—and it is surprising how much detail Mr. Patterson has turned up in his researches—are marshalled so neatly as a background to the political and personal conflicts that one sets down this book with a feeling of real familiarity with Leicester affairs in the turbulent years from 1780 to 1850. Here, on a small scale, are all the forces which transformed England in this period—the political reformers and the Dissenters, Luddites and Chartists, union organisers and champions of free speech, the men who built canals and the inventors who made the factory system possible. Here, too, is the stronghold of reaction, the corrupt Corporation, one of the worst in the country, with its allies among the local gentry and in the Church, and its control over both elections and the magistracy; the Corporation that spent its resources on its members and supporters and fought every improvement as a challenge to its profitable domination of the town. Mr. Patterson describes the long struggle of the liberals and nonconformists which gave the town its nickname of "Radical Leicester" with something more than scholarly care. He manages to catch the undertones as well as the highlights, so that his book never becomes a mechanical treatise. It is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of the period because it shows exactly how the national trends, now the stock-in-trade of economic history, were reflected in the social life of one town. Mr. Patterson, unfortunately, declares that the projected sequel, carrying this history forward to 1914, has had to be abandoned—a decision that the success of this volume makes most regrettable.

**The Wild Place.** By KATHRYN HULME. *Muller.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

After the war seven million slave workers were found in Germany. Five million were sent home; the rest could not go or could not go at once. They were called "displaced persons" and put in the charge of Unrra. In July 1945, Miss Hulme, an American, arrived as deputy director with a mixed Unrra team to work at Wildflecken in the Bavarian woods, an old SS training camp which now held 20,000 Poles. Writing for a remote American public she tells of her first days and then the passing of two years at Wildflecken; then her appointment as director of Aschaffenburg, a camp for Ukrainians and Estonians, and finally the fevered activity of emigration. Miss Hulme gives personal impressions, reconstructing incidents and conversations—but credibly—and introducing a number of individuals against the background of shifting humanity. (Incidentally she conveys very vividly the shut-off life of the camp, with its riotous emotions and efforts at decency.) Within the body of impression, however, is a skeleton of fact. She follows the fortunes of each year—the Poles' first pilgrimages of return, Russia's closing of the gate, the "despair year" of 1947 when Unrra was being wound up, and then a new hope as countries all over the world began to take eligible D.P.s. The sick and the old, of course, are left; the book ends with a rejected family. But the problem is not quite as vast as it was.

Some readers may wish that Miss Hulme had described more day-to-day routine as well as the crises; that the book was less American-centred (but it was meant for America); that the German was a little more correct. But the story remains extremely readable and touching—and apposite at a time when the Nazis' victims are being forgotten. It won the Atlantic Non-Fiction Award of 1953.

## Week-end Competitions

### No. 1,266

**Set by Milton Shulman**

Competitors are asked to compose a postcard of not more than 100 words, from a friend on holiday "wishing you were here," that makes you thankful you are still at home. Entries by June 8.

### RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,263

**Set by G. de Vavasour**

Prizes are offered for a 150-word extract from a biography of Mrs. Grundy, Dame Nature, the Clerk of the Weather, Father Time, *or* Mr. Manners.

**Report by G. de Vavasour**

With the inextinguishable optimism of the setter, one hoped, if not for a Grundy's Boswell, at least for a Nature's Strachey. But these were not popular models. Indeed, with a surprising legal unworldliness, the more scurrilous competitors generally chose the pattern of the newspaper gossip paragraph. Light, though, was sometimes to be thrown on an old problem; when, and for what services, say, did "Dame" Nature receive her Birthday Honour? (P.M. attributed the confirming of an earlier courtesy title to certain of her activities during the late War.) Barbara Richmond supplied a note upon her origins; that she was discovered by her spiritually-minded vegetarian parents behind a cabbage leaf. "She is particularly jealous of her secrets," (contributed A. Drazin), "and is not above misleading an acute and persistent inquirer. Such a one was Newton, to whom she appeared to reveal more than most, but Einstein discovered many years later that she had cleverly fobbed him off." Pibwob wrote pathetically of Father Time: "When he first heard the name of Dunne he supposed him to be the same as John Donne, and expected *An Experiment with Time* to be merely another metaphysical fantasy. . . ." A.M.'s Mr. Manners "was borne in more spacious dayes. He consorted chiefly with the upper and middle classes, sustaining himselfe on the leavings of their tables which were specially preserved for him. His demise was occasioned . . ." G. J. Blundell relates of the Weather Clerk that "his hatred of the English has often been remarked in celestial circles. It springs, obviously, from the contempt in which Englishmen hold him. People who dive into ponds in the middle of winter, and who wear stiff collars and black jackets all through the summer are simply inviting his retaliatory wrath." Further weather news was in J. P. Comyn's FAIR, SIR MAINLY: Knighted for Coronation Services, 1953. B. Heligoland, o.s. of the late Brig. Gen. and Mrs. Fair of Rockall . . . Clubs—the Royal Monsoon (Bombay), etc., etc. And D. L. L. Clarke ingeniously explained why Mrs. Grundy never actually *appeared* in Morton's play. Prizes are shared between Stanley J. Sharpless, J. P. Stevenson, D. R. Peddy, and Alberick. The runners-up, apart from those quoted above, are Leslie Johnson, M. Trench, Jim Parrott, Nancy Gunter, Hilary, D. H. M. Cook, Helen MacGregor, Joyce Johnson and Colin Prestige.

THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

The son of General and Mrs. Mackintosh (*née* Anna Royde), the future cyclone tycoon was born in Iceland on St. Swithin's day during the coldest summer on record. Rumour has it that on one occasion when he was only three he said to his father, "Looks like being a fine day to-morrow, dad." The next day turned out wet, but the incident impressed the General. At fourteen the lad was apprenticed to a barometer-tuner, beginning at the bottom as a tapper. Subsequently he won his way to Cambridge, where he read Judicial Astrology, Meteoromancy and Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind*. Though subject to fits of deep depression he had a brilliant academic career and obtained no less than 32 degrees. His life,

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## DURBAN ROODEPOORT DEEP, LIMITED

At the Annual General Meeting of Durban Roodepoort Deep, Ltd., held in Johannesburg on May 11, the Chairman, Mr. N. W. S. Lewin, in the course of his remarks, said:—

We have recently received official notification that our application for a mining lease over the 750 claims adjoining the western portion of our southern boundary has been granted. We are now in a position to plan and carry out our operations to cover the new area and, as you will realise, we must expect to incur an appreciable amount of capital expenditure in this connection.

The work of opening up and mining the reefs proceeded steadily during the year and it is satisfactory to record that in spite of the handicap of reduced underground labour strengths, the tonnage of ore milled was only slightly below the previous year's figure, while the ore developed was almost sufficient to replace that mined from payable reserves.

So far as our mining activities are concerned, I think the only two other points that I need mention are the Meadowlands borehole and the current development figures. We decided, as you know, to stop the borehole at 6,238ft after passing through the Kimberley Reefs without disclosing payable values. We had obtained the information we wanted about the reef horizons and further expenditure would not in our view have been warranted. The Main Reef Group can be expected to lie at a depth of about 12,000ft, which is too great for economic mining. In regard to development, the inch-dwt. value of last quarter's results was higher than for a number of years past and the percentage of payability was maintained.

The native labour situation since the end of the year has improved very considerably. Unfortunately, like many other mines, we have not enough European underground employees for our requirements and this has naturally a hampering effect on our activities.

From the information so far revealed our company would not be justified in applying for admission to the ranks of uranium producers.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.

however, was unsettled and his conduct unpredictable. He once surprised his friends by staging a skating spectacle at Wembley, "Cinderella on Isobars."

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

### MRS. GRUNDY

1954: In this year of Royal pilgrimage what prophet of a new moral order may even now be "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms"? 1654 saw Pascal's spiritual rebirth, 1854 was the birth-year of Marie Corelli, while mid-way between these human landmarks the babe first breathed who was afterwards to make Colonel Grundy (as her letters testify) "the happiest man on earth."

In his diary for 1764 John Wesley relates that at Cheltenham he asked the way of a child of ten who "primly observed that we had not been introduced, and referred me to her uncle." It is tempting to speculate that this may have been none other than the little lady who, though the exact contemporary of Thomas Bowdler, was destined for far earlier fame*, and *that* through the (so to speak) unwilling medium of the London stage—in Dick Sheridan's day no haunt of Puritanism!

* *Speed the Plough* was produced in 1798.

J. P. STEVENSON

### FATHER TIME

(From *Life With Father Time* by MAY TIME.)

Having disposed of the fallacy that my father takes sides in military operations, I will give some account of family affairs subsequent to the Eleven Days scandal of 1752.

Father was never quite the same after meeting Dora in 1916. Through her he broke the "No Waiting" agreement with his friend Tide, since a child of the marriage, Summer, has an upsetting influence on his father, and it was perhaps fortunate that the grandson, Double Summer, died in infancy—otherwise he might have shared the fate of the family black sheep*, now in the Foreign Legion, about whom Papa has written many an unforgiving minute.

Father has recently become wedded to Motion, and his colleagues have described their industrious son Over as one-and-a-quarter the man his father is. Papa has, however, never taken to Greenwich "Mean" Time, and frequently remarks "He gives me the six pips. . . ."

* Mark Time

D. R. PEDDY

Extract from MICROCHRONOGRAPHIE or, TIME ANATOMIZED by Nicholas Priestcousin, of Kirkbie in Lonnesdale, Gent.

That *Time* is truly a *Father*, wee do confidentlie affirme, tho' without certaine warrantie of Holy Writ. It is no obscure conjecture, but rather an hypothesis of *Natural Philosophie*, and conformant with the *Divinitie* of *Genesis*, that Time's Consort is *Space*, that dimensive *Matrix* of everie sublunary *Extension*. Hence is engender'd the *continuum* or successory *Flux* of *momenta* wherein consisteth the entire *Historie* of *Creation*. These ephemeral *momenta* are the verie *progenies* of *Time* and *Space*, offspring of the *Adam* and *Eve* of *Nature's* dawning. *Time*, saith Marcus Aurelius, is a kinde of *River* of passing events, having so mighty a streame that these his *Sonnes*, begotten each at his several instant upon *Space*, are borne away, and as a *Dreame* dying at the opening *Daie*, doe flie successively into the *Night* of *Oblivion*. Whereto agreeth the Poet.

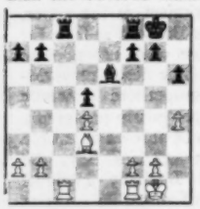
*Labitur occulte fallitque volubilis aetas,*
*Ut celer admissis labitur amnis ajuis.*

ALBERICK

## CHESS: Endgames not so Simple

No. 243

It seems to be the simple positions rather than the complex ones that make some of us come a cropper far too often. Nothing would appear to be simpler than the obvious maxim that in a B & P ending, so far as possible, one should put one's pawns on squares where they are immune against the opponent's Bishop. Yet, how often is that simple maxim sinned against? Here, reported by the *Österreichische Schachzeitung*, is an instructive case in point. Black should have a safe draw, but (1) . . . P-KKt3 is his first inaccurate move in this ending. Soon (and just as unnecessarily) he will put yet another P on a White square, and almost imperceptibly a "simple draw" will be converted into a difficult and, soon after, an untenable position.



| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (2) | KR-K1 | K-Kt2 | (13) B-B8 | P-Kt3 |
| (3) | P-B3 | K-B3 | (14) K-B4 | B-Q8 |
| (4) | K-B2 | P-KR4? | (15) P-Kt4! | B-K7 |
| (5) | P-QKt4! | RxR | (16) P-Kt5 ch | K-K2 |
| (6) | RxR | R-QB1 | (17) K-K5! | BxP |
| (7) | RxR | BxR | (18) B-Kt7 | B-K5 |
| (8) | K-Kt3 | B-B4 | (19) BxP | BxB |
| (9) | B-K2 | B-Kt8 | (20) KxB | P-B3 |
| (10) | P-R3 | K-B4 | (21) PxP | KxP |
| (11) | B-Kt5 | B-B7? | (22) K-B6 | P-KKt4 |
| (12) | B-Q7 ch | K-B3 | (23) P-Q5 | resigns |

To avoid the B-swop would have been no better for Black, and (8) . . . P-KKt4 would have cost him a P. His last chance to save himself might have been (11) . . . P-KKt4; (12) B-Q7 ch, K-Kt3.

Here, defended by H. Müller (Black) in a 1952 Vienna League match, is another interesting ending. Unlike the previous one this seems hopelessly lost for Black. Yet, he succeeded in forcing a draw like this:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| (1) | | BxP! |
| (2) | PxKt | PxP |
| (3) | R-QB7 | B-Q6 ch |
| (4) | K-K5 | B-B5 |
| (5) | RxP | B-R7 |
| (6) | R-B7 | B-Kt6 |
| (7) | K-B5 | B-R7 |

White can make no headway. If he pushes the P Black simply plays K-Kt2! BxP, of course, would be fatal, on account of K-B6.

**A:** Barcza 1951

In a week devoted to endgame technique, the competition too should serve that noble purpose more directly than usual. The 4-pointer is a game position, and here too, though he seems hopelessly lost, Black saves himself. To make things not too difficult for beginners I had better add that (1) . . . R-R8 ch; (2) K-Kt2, RxP; (3) RxR, PxR; (4) K-R3 is a win for White. How then did Barcza force the draw? **B**—White to win—is a highly instructive endgame study, not too difficult, I hope, for 6 points; but **C**—White to draw—should be no bargain for 7 points.

**B:** W. Queckenstädt
1914

**C:** H. Mattison
1925

Usual prizes. Entries by June 8.

## REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 240. Set May 8

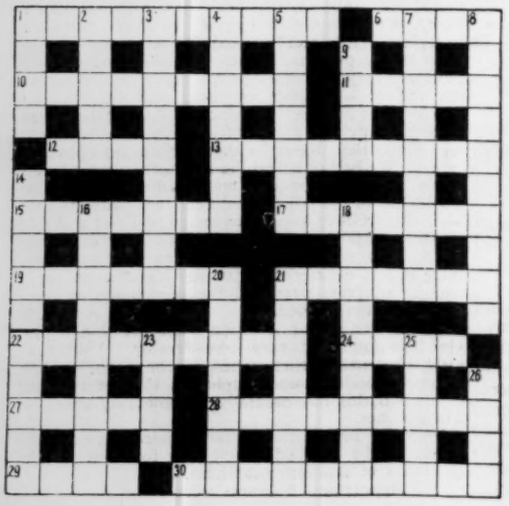
A: (1) R x P, Kt x P, (2) Kt x Kt, R x Kt ch, (3) P x R, R x P ch, (4) K-B1, R x Q, (5) R-KKt4!, etc.
B: (1) R-B7 ch, K-R1, (2) R-R7 ch, K x R, (3) Kt-B6 ch, K-R1, (4) R x R mate.
C: (1) K-Kt3, P queens, (2) B-B4 ch, K-Kt8, (3) B x P ch, K-R8, (4) B-Q6, Q-K7, (5) B-Kt4, Q x KtP, (6) B-K4, P-K4, (7) P-B3, etc.
if (1) . . . P-K4, (2) B x BP, P queens, (3) B x KtP, K-Q7, (4) B-R5 ch, etc.

This was an easy lot, and I got more than a score of correct solutions. Prizes shared by E. A. Barclay-Smith, H. Brown, R. Chandra, J. C. Cock, and W. T. Maccall.

ASSIAC

## Week-end Crossword No. 102

*Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 102, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on June 8*



### ACROSS

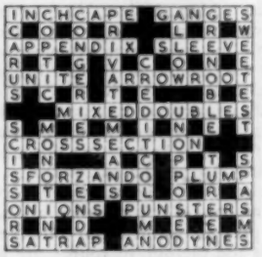
1. An automobile to spoil the name for a Welsh town (10).
6. To be in at this is to back up (4).
10. Permits to enter for the seniors' meeting (9).
11. The envious conspirator (5).
12. Yes, the king is a philosopher (4).
13. In schools I made changes among the outstanding people (9).
15. There are compensations when mother grows old (7).
17. Take captive, although finally rescue about fifty (7).
19. For one who is interested in fashions times do change (7).
21. Menials about to obtain fuel (7).
22. Where there is a small house for fish in town (9).
24. Butter or what may provide the wherewithal to make it (4).
27. In these vessels I am among friends (5).
28. It is let, although there are holes broken in the roofing (9).
29. Mountain among those Mahomet named (4).
30. This place is in Co. Durham, but the coal seems to be dear (10).

### DOWN

1. Small house with piano in it wanted for Oriental (4).
2. Out of practice, so not quite reliable (5).
3. Delicacy, although it is like father to make a fool of us (9).
4. Though they are a wild people, there is some skill among sailors (7).
5. Husband of Lizzie Greystock (7).
7. Torture of the feet—that is the trouble with the old footballer (9).
8. Star's nerve broken across (10).
9. Land measure for a Near Eastern town (4).
14. An architect's fruit brings a lump to the throat (5, 5).
16. Reward for a golf celebrity? (9)
18. The colour for the wise and the foolish (9).
20. Mrs. Drummle (7).
21. Destroy Malan if there are messages from supporters (7).
23. Unless vice is up above me (4).
25. Concerning a fight (5).
26. Conservative river (4).

SET-SQUARE

*Solution to No. 100*



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 100

*L. Jon Naar (New York), Mrs. A. C. Britton (London, W. 5), E. M. Tibbits (Herne Bay).*

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

*The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged* 18-64 *inclusive or a woman aged* 18-59 *inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order*, 1952.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Spanish Language and Literature. The Council invites applications for appointment as Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Spanish Language and Literature at a salary on the scale £500×£25—£550 a year, according to qualifications and experience. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than June 21, 1954.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh, Department of Social Study. Applications are invited from Graduates with a qualification in Social Study for the post of Assistant which will become vacant in October, 1954. Preference will be given to candidates with experience in casework supervision. Salary Scale £450×£50 to £550 per annum, with Superannuation Benefit and Family Allowance where applicable. Further particulars from the undersigned, with whom applications, giving the names of three referees, should be lodged not later than June 15, 1954. Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham, Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. Applications are invited for a Research Post in Applied Economics. Applicants should have (or should obtain in summer 1954) a good honours degree in Economics, preferably with a knowledge of Accounting and Statistics. Salary £450-£550 per annum. Applications, stating academic qualifications, experience and any special research interests, with the names of two referees, should reach the Registrar, the University, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 15, not later than June 12. C. G. Burton, Sec.

LONDONDERRY. Magee University College. Applications are invited for an Assistant Lectureship in the departments of Mathematics and Economics for three years from October 1, 1954. Salary £500 rising by annual increments of £50 to £600 with the usual children's allowances and F.S.S.U. benefits. Applicants should possess adequate qualification in mathematics but should be interested mainly in economics and social science. Three copies of applications, which should include two testimonials and the names of two referees, should reach the Secretary of the Trustees, Magee University College, Londonderry, Northern Ireland, not later than June 12. Fuller information, if desired, may be obtained from the Secretary.

SCOTTISH Record Office: Assistant Keepers II. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for two pensionable posts. Age at least 21 and under 26 on January 1, 1954; extension for exceptional qualifications or for regular service in H.M. Forces and up to two years for other Forces Service, or for established Civil Service. Candidates must have (or obtain in summer 1954) a First or Second Class Honours degree in History (preferably including Scottish History) or in Law (preferably including Scots Law), and must have a knowledge of Latin and French. Inclusive remuneration (including extra duty allowance where payable), £463 rising to £689 (men), £576 (women). Starting salary increased somewhat for compulsory National Service and approved post-graduate experience. Promotion prospects. Particulars and application forms from Keeper of the Records of Scotland, H.M. General Register House, Edinburgh, 2; forms must be returned by June 15, 1954.

STATISTICIANS in the Home Civil Service. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for posts of Assistant Statistician in Government Departments. Selection will be by interview in London in late July. Age at least 20½ and under 24 on August 1, 1954, with extension for service in H.M. Forces and approved post-graduate statistical experience. Candidates may be mathematical or economic statisticians; they must have a First or Second Class Honours Degree (II (i) where the Second Class is divided) with statistics as the principal subject or a substantial part of the final examination, or a post-graduate University Diploma or higher Degree in Statistics. Those so qualifying this summer will be eligible. Starting emoluments in London, including Extra Duty Allowance (where payable), between £507 and £669 (men) or £588 (women), according to periods of National Service and post-graduate experience, rising to £923 (men) and £810 (women). Promotion prospects to £1,570 (men) and £1,395 (women) with possibility of later increases to £2,100 (men) and £1,950 (women). Particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 96/54. Completed application forms must reach him by July 3, 1954.

MARRIED housemaster wanted September for Junior House Preparatory School, Scotland. Temporary post for 18 months, but possibility of permanency. Excellent quarters available. Full particulars with application to Box 8452.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Drama Producer (Sound) in Birmingham. Professional training in and experience of production in Broadcasting, Theatre or Films, lively interest in all forms of drama and ability to administer work of programme output department essential. Ability to adapt and edit scripts and knowledge of music desirable. Salary £1,085 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,465 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "224 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

B.B.C. requires Research Assistant in European Services. Work involves study and evaluation of large amount of material primarily concerning developments in Russia and East Europe and presenting it in a form suitable for broadcasting. Much of the material is topical and ability to work quickly and at pressure is essential, as is previous experience in research and sub-editing. Candidates should have thorough knowledge of East European problems and their ideological background, general grasp of world affairs and good command of at least one Slav language, preferably Russian. Salary £870 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,175 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "231 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Assistant Head of Light Entertainment, Television, to act as deputy and chief assistant to Head of Light Entertainment. Duties will lie chiefly in general administration of the Department on behalf of the Head but will also be concerned with ideas and creative development of light entertainment programmes, programme methods and techniques. Candidates should have had experience of administration in world of entertainment, but not necessarily only in field of variety and light entertainment. Experience in producing, writing and devising ideas as well as in administration an advantage. Ability to control staff essential. Starting salary £1,370 rising by 5 annual increments to £1,800. A candidate with exceptional qualifications and experience might be appointed on a higher grade with starting salary £1,630 rising to £2,135. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "140 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. within 5 days.

LONDON County Council—Administrative Vacancies in Major Establishment. Special competitive exam. in London on July 19 and 20, 1954, open to candidates born on or between Aug. 2, 1930, and Feb. 1, 1935 who hold Higher Schl. Cert. or Gen. Cert. of Education with passes (2 at Adv. level) in 4 subjects, incl maths. and Eng. lang. Age alince. given to ex-regulars and (up to 1 year) to graduates and undergraduates for National Service. Some vacancies reserved for ex-National Servicemen. Commencing salaries according to age between £350 at 20 and £468 15s. at 24. Scale rises to £685. Good conditions and leave, prospects of promotion. Apply to Director of Establishments (A.1), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, for detailed leaflet and application form S.C.1, closing date June 14. (278).

WITHYMEAD Centre for therapeutic work and rehabilitation with children and adults has an immediate vacancy for additional man on the resident teaching staff. Applicants should be qualified to work in art studios, should have knowledge of carpentry and should be interested in general constructive projects. He must be prepared to learn the relation of his work to psychotherapeutic method. The post offers interesting work for anyone with the human qualities needed for life in a community. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications to: The Secretary, Withymead Centre, Countess Wear, Exeter.

CLINICAL Psychologist required in the Children's Department of Farnborough Hospital, Farnborough, Kent, for one session weekly. Whitley Council salary and conditions of service. Apply to Administrative Officer within ten days of the appearance of this advertisement.

WANTED: Editor for non-technical Overseas Sales Journal, published quarterly. Writing experience essential. Technical knowledge of printing and production not necessary. Reply, stating age, education, experience and salary required, to the Publicity Manager, Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company, Ltd., Chelmsford, Essex.

MATHS Master wanted September for Gordonstoun Preparatory School. Apply Headmaster, Wester Elchies School, Craigellachie, Strathspey.

WANTED: Lady Accountant, part-time, interesting work with well-known All-Party Organisation, working for International Understanding. Typewriting an advantage. 'Phone: TRAfalgar 2275.

SHORTHAND-typist required for secretarial work. Linguaphone Institute, 207 Regent St., W.1.

EXPERIENCED Shorthand Typist with knowledge of office routine wanted for Zionist Socialist Organisation. Good salary for right applicant. All Jewish holidays. 'Phone PRImrose 9632.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BRISTOL Social Project. Applications are invited for the post of field worker in the Research Team. Experience of social investigation and group work might compensate for lack of professional qualification. Man and wife prepared to live on housing estate would be considered. Duration 2-3 years; possibilities of extension. Salary within range £500-£750. Four copies of applications, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Secretary, 4 Berkeley Square, Bristol, 8 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than June 28, 1954.

THE National Council of Labour Colleges requires a divisional organiser for division 1 North London Area and another for division 9 Durham Area. Salary £500 rising by £15 a year to £575. Superannuation Scheme. Applicants must be able to lecture on a number of N.C.L.C. subjects and should apply to J. P. M. Millar, Gen. Sec., N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

YORK "A" and Tadcaster Hospital Management Committee, Naburn and Bootham Park Hospital.—Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker in sole charge at the above hospital. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with Whitley Council Scale. The successful candidate will be based at Bootham Park, which is near the centre of York. The admission rate to the hospital, which is well staffed, is over 450 a year and there are 7 out-patient clinics held per week. There is a close liaison with the Local Authority in the Mental Health Service for York. Applications, together with the names of 3 referees, should be sent to the Medical Superintendent, Bootham Park, York. Candidates are most welcome to see round hospital by appointment.

UNITED Kingdom Alliance is requiring two additional District Superintendents. Applications are invited from men or women who are total abstainers, have organising ability and are accustomed to public speaking. Write, in the first instance, for the necessary Application Form to the United Kingdom Alliance, 12 Caxton Street, London, S.W.1.

LONDONDERRY High School, Northern Ireland. Required in September, a Matron. Salary £250-£300 per annum (according to qualifications) plus board and residence. There are no house-keeping duties. Apply at once to Head Mistress.

LONDON, N.W. Wanted, Sept., two mornings wkly. (9.30-11.30) Teacher with active approach to Class Music for children aged 6-9. Also temp. Nursery School Assistant from June 7-July 24. Prog. ind. recog. school. King Alfred School, North End Rd., N.W.11.

TURNERS Court (Wallingford Farm Training School). Applications are invited from married couples (under the age of 50) for appointment as Housepatents to a House of 40 boys aged 15-18 years, in training at this School, which is administered by the Christian Service Union. Preference will be given to candidates who have had suitable residential experience or training. Private married quarters (semi-detached) available. Further particulars from the Warden, Turners Court, Benson, Oxford.

BOYS' Club Leader wanted for Mary Ward Boys' Club. Salary £450, less £180 for residence (full board), to start Aug. or Sept. Apply by letter: The Warden, Mary Ward Settlement, Tavistock Place, W.C.1.

NATIONAL Union of Railwaymen require 1 Shorthand-Typist, 2 Female Clerks. For rates, conditions and application form write General Secretary, N.U.R. (Room 15), Unity House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

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KENT. XVth century farmhouse on Downs in wooded valley. Canterbury 8½ miles, sea 9. Bus serv. Full accom. £5 wk. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted (Tel. 353) Ashford.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artist's house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd., St. Ives.

RECUPERATION at Higham Health Centre in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 126.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well cooked, well served. Own produce, garage and parking. No extras. 5-7½*gns.* St. George's Lodge Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621.

BRIGHTON. Keehan's Hotel, Regency Square (facing West Pier). H. & C. Slumberland beds. Full board from 5*gns.*

ROTTINGDEAN, Nr. Brighton. Famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House, on the old-world Green. Friendly atmosphere, good food, sunny rooms. New, but already with a reputation. From 8*gns.* Brochure. Prop.: D. Chapman, M.P.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6*d.*, postage 3*d.* Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

LAKE District. Wastwater, Scafell, Eskdale, Seascale district. Table tennis, billiards, extensive grounds. Irton Hall Hotel (lic'd.), Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

LAKES Charm, old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel. Ambleside 2334.

FOR the country-lover: Herts-Essex border, 27 miles London. Ideal holiday, walking, cycling, motoring. Good food, home prod., lge. gdn. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

COME to Sunny Ventnor, I.o.W. The historical Crab & Lobster Hotel offers every comfort, superb cuisine, Continental Chef. Delightful cliff gardens. 8-11*gns.* per week. Write Hotel, Box B.

## WHERE TO STAY, etc.—*continued*

KESWICK - on - Derwentwater. Highfield Vegetarian Guesthouse, The Heads, amid beaut. lake & mntn. scenery, offers friendliness, comf., 1st cl. fd. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Secluded walled garden. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside within reach Eastbourne. Good food. Comfy beds. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel. 32.

CORNWALL. Sandy beaches, good food, mod. terms. Carn Voel, Porthcurno, Nr. Penzance. St. Buryan 391.

S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Cdr. H. C. Selby.

KINGSDOWN-on-Sea, Nr. Deal, Kent. Blencathra Guest House (R.A.C. Approved), overlkg. golf course, sea; gd. food, own poultry, v. comf. 6/7*gns.* Kingsdown 225.

MOUNTAIN farm, Snowdonia. Beautiful rooms, views and food. Hot baths. Log fires. 7*gns.* incl Box 8266

WRITER'S wife welcomes P.G.s, cottage Fowey, Cornwall. 5-6*gns.* Breakfast and evening dinner. Write Box 8268.

GOOD Food Club members recommend over 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price, in the "Good Food Guide 1954." Revised and enlarged and still 5*s.* from all booksellers. Pub. Cassell & Co., 37 St. Andrew's Hill, E.C.4.

## ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12*s.* 6*d.*/15*s.* 6*d.* B. & B., wkly terms arrg.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel. 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earl's Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15*s.* daily.

YOUNG professional couple offer newly decorated and furnished upper flat suitable for group four to five people; three singles, and one double room, kitchen, bathroom, constant hot water, telephone. Consider letting rooms separately. West Hampstead district nr. buses and tube. 'Phone HAM. 0373, 46 Fortune Green Rd., N.W.6.

UNF. grd. fl. flat, gdn., £250 p.a. to (pref.) profess. cple willing pay conversn. (abt. £160). Notting Hill. Box 8458.

LARGE div.-sit. rm., sgle., use kit. & bath-rm., own tel. extens. LAD. 1458 evgs.

ONE sgle. furn. room to let 30*s.*, also one double £3. Ckg. fac., etc. MOU. 5814.

N.W.11. Well-furn. lge. bedrm., sunny sit.-rm., use kit., bathrm.; suit 2 ladies or couple, bus. or prof. Box 8488.

DIVAN room. Hot & cold running water, cooking facilities own meter and door bell. Complete privacy. 2*gns.* weekly. 70 Priory Road, N.W.6. MAI. 5141.

TWO cheerful adjg. div.-rms. in comf. flat. Mod. cons. Working-class distr. Suit 2 yng. ladies. Mod. rent. LAD. 5505.

GEORGIAN bijou house, old Hampstead, to let unfurnished. Three and a half years' tenancy. Highest references. Box 8534.

KENSINGTON in priv. flat, comf. B/S. rm. Suit bus. prof. person. Every conv. Tel. extens. £2 10*s.* PAR. 8915.

TWO furn. rms., separately or together, in S/C flat. C.H. MEA. 2648.

YOUNG professional lady wishes share her well-appointed modern flat, good position Kensington, with another young professional or business lady. Good references essential. Box 8447.

TO let, tastefully furn. bed-sit. rm. nr. bus stop, mod. flat. HAM. 4264.

WIMBLEDON Park, near golf and All-England tennis, S/C., well-furnished ground-floor flat, C.H. Sleep two. No children or animals. Box 8393.

CENTRAL. Dble. rm. with bathroom in priv. hse., quiet. Gdn. 4*gns.* MAI. 1787.

LUX. rm., mod. flat, all conv. 45*s.* inc., N.W.2. Buses 16, 60. B'loo. GLA. 5364.

SHARE flat N.W. London offered to Jewish girl. Own room. Reas. PRI. 3447.

SGLE. Div.-rm., own ckg. facils., mod. flat, Friern Barnet. Enterprise 5561.

S.W.12, well-situated, quiet; 2, alternatively 3, rooms & kitchen, furnished. Easy reach bus & tube. Box 8407.

PROF. woman has 2 pleasant well-furnished rooms available for another, in private flat overlooking Primrose Hill; use kitchen and bathrm. £2 15*s.* wkly. PRI. 2643.

VICTORIA. Attrac. s/c flat, part-furn., first floor overlooking square, 2 rooms, k. & b., 4½*gns.* wkly. SLO. 7173.

FURNISHED flat, Belsize Park: 4 large rooms, el., frig., reasonable rent. Apply D. West, FRO. 6118.

FURN. flat July 9-Sept. 6. Hampstead, nr. bus, tube, Heath. 2 rec. rooms, 1 bed., bath., kit., c.h.w., tel. PRI. 4017.

## ACCOMMODATION—*continued*

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3*gns.* wk. Dble. 5*gns.* inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Restnt. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

COMFORTABLE divan room, use phone & bath. 35*s.* p.w. incl. gas & electricity. TUDor 4237 or Box 8507.

FURNISHED rooms with kitchen, single & double. W. Hampstead, nr. Tube. Colonial students welcome. MAI. 8982/6401.

HIGHGATE (3 mins. tube), Large, sunny, double (or single) divan room. New lightwood furniture, fitted covers & curtains all matching, own concealed gas cooker, meter. Use bath & kit. with c.h.w. Tel. Gdn. Wkly. cleaning, light, linen, china, etc. incl. Well kept detached house. £4 10*s.* MOU. 9610.

HIGHGATE. Small single room. Own concealed electric cooker, otherwise as above. MOU. 9610.

LARGE bed-sitting room, use bath and kitchen. Suit prof. woman. GLA. 5131.

COMF. divan-rm., in mod. house, bkfast., dinner, Continental ckg. All con., c.h.w., £3 10*s.* GLA. 3254 or Box 8493.

MUSWELL Hill (near Highgate) Sunny two-roomed flat, furnished, exceptional view, own W.C. Lady only. TUDor 8160.

BEAUTIFUL sit. N. Yorks coast 20 min. sea, station. £2 p.w. 28ft × 8ft hut, 3 beds, cot, comp. equip., inc. Calor gas, library. Suit artist/writer, v. gen. terms long let (bkd. July 25-Sept. 4). Meldrum, Linden Rd., Gt. Ayton, Middlesbrough.

ARTISTS offer bed-sit. & kit.-din., large village near Thaxted. Frequent local buses, daily coach London. Small rent in return for occasional evening sitting-in. Suit one lady. Box 8378.

COSY 2/3-berth Caravan, Natl. Trust country, 20 m. London. Heating, cooking facs. 3*gns.* weekly. Box 8380.

MULL, by sea. 2-room furnished cottage, Mod. cons., to let (not August). 3*gns.* Box 8152.

SOMERSET East. Civilised all-elec. farm cottage, sleep 5, free most summer. 4½-6*gns.* week according date & nos. Box 7966.

LIBERTARIAN couple, one school-age child, unable to increase family due to accommodation difficulties, urgently require flat, unfurn. if poss. Mod. rent. Box 8433.

COLOURED girl student seeks single room in the self-contained, London flat of one or more girl students. About 30*s.* p.w. Write Box 8523.

UNFURN. flat 3/4 rms., kit., bath., wanted in London by mother & 2 prof. daughters. Tel. aft. 6, GUL. 7266/Box 8538.

STUDENT urgently wants room, gas fire & ring, 6 months or longer, preferably with serious but anti-Marxist family (food reform, no trains, no medical students). Write Miles Kirk, Box 8275.

SCHOOLMISTRESS requires unfurnished flat or rooms London area, now or within next four months. Box 8369.

YOUNG doctor and wife (mem. N.S. staff) urgently req. unfurn. flat or house, within reasonable distance S.W.8 area. Box 8102.

THREE business girls require s/c. furn. flat, mid-June, Earls Court-South Kensington area. Maximum £6 p.w. Box 8481.

AMERICAN family (four adults) require furnished flat, preferably with maid, Mayfair district, July and August. Box 8473.

ARTIST needs studio with living space, un/part furn., N.W. London, pref. on line from Baker Street. Box 7863.

CAMBRIDGE graduate and wife req. unfurn/furn. acc. Hampstead area. Up to £100 fittings. Phone Laming, PRI. 3916.

QUAKER Workers home from Greece, 2 young children, req. house or flat for July, 3 or 4 bedrms., gdn. if poss. Box 8172.

NEEDED urgently by teacher-craftsman-social worker, wife & 3 small children, cottage or similar, purchase or rent. Co-operation welcomed, livelihood (or part) vis à vis your needs, if sought. Box 8204.

LEICESTER. Librarian/driver (woman) urgently reqs. bed-sitt. or accom., professional household or similar. Good bath facilities, hot evening meal. Moderate terms please. Box 8510.

MID-June to August: wanted, furn. house & garden; all cons. Family from abroad —3 children. Box 8336.

DOCTOR, wife and child require small furnished cottage in country from June, indefinitely. Write Box 8155.

COTTAGE wanted, end July/August. Sea accessible. W. England or Pembrokeshire preferred. Box 8344.

## BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

JUNE "Labour Monthly"—out this weekend. "In the Balance" (R.P.D.); "Canada and the U.S. Python" (Tim Buck); "War or Peace in S.E. Asia" (Gordon Schaffer); "The World of Mr. Attlee" (D. N. Pritt, Q.C.). 1*s.* 6*d.* all agents or Half-yr.'s sub. 9*s.* from N.S.J., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

"CHRISTIAN or Mason," a challenge to the Church. S.A.E. and 3*d.* in stamps to Rev. H. Trapp, 47c Blomfield Rd., W.9.

## BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—*continued*

"THE Linguist," the language paper for experts and beginners, includes "Typical Conversations" in five languages, Pages for Practice, "Translator's Commentary," Competitions and articles. 1*s.* monthly from newsagents, or 13*s.* 6*d.* yrly., including postage to any country, from The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

"POETRY and Poverty," No. 6 now on sale. Contributors include Stephen Spender, Frances Bellerby, Michael Hamburger, etc., 2*s.* from 8 Eton Avenue, N.W.3, or your bookshop.

"MAKING Music," a magazine for amateurs and teachers, May, October, February. 5*s.* three issues, 1*s.* 8*d.* single copies, post free from Rural Music Schools Assoc., Little Benslow Hills, Hitchin.

"ARCHITECTURE & Building Technique in U.S.S.R." Nine articles by specialists. Handsomely illustrated. 2*s.* 6*d.* (post, etc., 3*d.*) Ready May 31. Order now from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8.

GRUB Street 5 now obtainable from bookshops or Editor, 3 Wychcombe Studios, England's Lane, N.W.3. Single copies 1*s.* 8*d.* post free. Yearly subscription 9*s.* 9*d.*

AGGRESSIVE Gardeners will welcome the way The Gardener has occupied more lebensraum in the Summer number of "The Farmer." We had so much good stuff and no rubber type so it had to have space. All gardeners should spend 2*s.* 6*d.* a quarter or 10*s.* a year and revel in "The Farmer" (including The Gardener). Ferne Farm, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

DYLAN Thomas: His brilliant satire "How To Be A Poet" appears in the current issue of "Now," which also contains entry form for £250 cash award scheme for writers, P/O for 1*s.* 9*d.* to Monktons, 140 Salisbury Square House, E.C.4, or through booksellers.

"THE Obraztsov Puppets." Lavishly illustrated booklet. 2*s.* 6*d.* (post, etc., 3*d.*). Ready June 8. Order now from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, London, W.8.

"MECHANISATION of Underground Coalmining in U.S.S.R." Shebyakov & Topchiev. Also Abstracts, Notes & News. Soviet Science Bulletin Vol. 1, No. 1 (old series No. 7). Now in printed form. 1*s.* 6*d.* (post, etc., 3*d.*) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, London, W.8.

"I RODE with the Ku Klux Klan," by Stetson Kennedy. A first-hand sensational account illustrated by "secret inside photographs." 15*s.* net. Published by Arco Publications, Ltd., 10 Fitzroy Street, London, W.1. Available all booksellers

COOKERY Classics of the Century. "Indian Cookery," by Veerasawmy, 224 pages, the only authentic Indian Cook book. Outstanding, 10*s.* 6*d.* Countess Morphy's "Recipes of All Nations." 640 pages, complete 16*s.*, and her "Mushroom Recipes," only 7*s.* 6*d.* Published by Arco Publishing Co., Ltd., 10 Fitzroy Street, London, W.1 and available from all good booksellers.

WHAT are you reading? Join The Postal Library of Psychology, 48 Ring Road, Crossgates, Leeds, for interesting psychological works. Why not write for details?

"NATURE Cure from the Inside" by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8*s.* from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

VINCENT Cleland, Foreign Books. All enquiries welcomed. 155c Clapton Common. E.5. (STA. 1849).

GOOD books & Socialist material bought. Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL.7924.

## PROPERTIES FOR SALE

ATTRACTIVE cottage, 2 miles from Ottery St. Mary, Devon. 5 bed., 3 sit., small garden, orchard. Main electricity. Own well, elec. motor. £4,000 or nearest offer. Box 8521.

N.W. Middlesex. Freehold house, period features. 3 floors, light rooms, no passages. Secluded South garden, in quiet cul-de-sac, nr. shops/stn. 3 recep., 5 bed., study. Owner transferred. Quick sale, offers nr. £3,900. Hatch End 1983.

NEW & Secondhand Bookshop, Lake District. Est. 10 yrs. Lock-up. Quick sale wanted for urgent health reasons. Goodwill, F. & F., stock 4,000 vols. £500. Box 8385.

ONLY £4,250. Ideal for Children. Private access to acres of lovely woodland. Compact, modern 2-storey house at Billericay, Essex. ¼-mile station and shops with 7 good rooms (2 with hand basins), labour-saving Kitchen, Bathroom and 2 W.C.s. ¼-acre garden (part wooded) Excellent value. Protheroe & Morris, 14 Moorgate, E.C.2. (Tel. MONarch 8388.)

WINDMILL (Converted) for sale, Norfolk Coast, 7 bedrms., 2 lge. round living rooms, bathrm., mains—water & elec., small secluded garden, in reach of golf, sailing, bird sanctuary. Vac. possession. Mrs. Frances Cornford, 10 Millington Rd., Cambridge.

FOR conversion nr. Tonbridge, 4 stables set in Castle grounds from £500-£800. Also 3 building plots, all services. Hadlow 322.

**SUMMER SCHOOLS—cont. from p. 718**

FILM School: the Summer School of the British Film Institute "Art and History of the Film" will again coincide with the Edinburgh Festival. First week (August 15-21) in Studio Theatre of Scottish Film Council, Glasgow; second week (August 22-28) in Edinburgh. Brochure from B.F.I., 4 Great Russell Street, W.C.1 (MUSeum 0581), or Scottish Film Council, 16-17 Woodside Terrace, Glasgow, C.3 (Douglas 6991).

WITHYMEAD Centre, Countess Wear, Exeter, Devon. Summer Course for those interested in Psychology, Education and the Arts. August 25-September 8, 1954. Lecturers will include: Miss Barbara Hannah of the C. G. Jung Institute, Zurich; Dr. Culver Barker; Dr. Joyce Partridge; Mrs. Eve Lewis; and members of the Withymead Staff. Practical work in the studios (pottery, modelling, painting, music, movement and mime) forms an integral part of the Course. Particulars from: Course Secretary, Withymead Centre, Countess Wear, Exeter.

A SUMMER School on Criminal Responsibility will be held at St. Hugh's College, Oxford, from Sept. 18-25. Its aim will be to re-define existing conceptions of the subject by widening the methods of team research. Interested members of the public are invited to join with representatives of the law, religion, education & social science and with psychologists, psychiatrists & sociologists in working out a solution to this problem. Details from Ass. General Sec., I.S.T.D., 8 Bourdon St., Davies St., W.1. MAY. 0632.

SUMMER Holiday Conference at centre on Front, Aberystwyth, August 14-21. Enjoy all amenities of seaside, with opportunity to discuss Flashpoints in International Affairs with well-known speakers on Asia, Africa, Middle East and Europe. Inclusive charge £4 15s. Full partic. from Gen. Secretary, P.P.U., 6 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1.

SWEDEN.—Summer Course and Study Tour "Modern Sweden" to be held at Jakobsberg People's College, Nr. Stockholm, Aug. 9-25, 1954. Full prospectus available on request to The Swedish Institute, 49 Egerton Crescent, London, S.W.3.

SUMMER Drama Schools. Three Arts Centre, London, W.1. July-Aug., day/eve., 4½ & 5½*gns*, Course for actors & producers under prof. staff. Syllabus: Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

**PERSONAL**

A FAMILY is sought which would be interested to help in the social development of a 12-year-old boy who has never known home life and who is at present in a Residential School for emotionally disturbed children. It is the desire of those responsible for his care that he should experience the joys and responsibilities of a well-ordered home and that he may be helped to develop a loyalty to a family which would be prepared to guide and befriend him in after years. Would a family in the Home Counties be prepared to receive him for short periods in the first place to determine whether they could help him? Please apply for further particulars to The Children's Officer, Middlesex County Council, 10 Great George St., S.W.1.

TOURING Italy in July? We have vacancy for two in our car. All expenses shared. Box 8245.

RIVIERA: 1 or 2 pers. reqd. to complete pty. 2 wks. Aug., car/camping. Wright, 36 Randolph Av., W.9. CUN. 3865/1546.

YNG. lady (bi-lingual) sh./typist, British, retng. Italy, wishes contact firm with Italian connections view emplmnt. Box 8324.

ENGLISHMAN, returning to Calais, France, wishes contact travel agency with view to employment there. Experienced courier, travel representative. Box 8325.

CAN anyone offer post or suggestions to Oxford Graduate, single, 37 yrs. old, widely travelled. Former experience in church & teaching profession. Box 8144.

COUNTRYMAN, 34, Oxford graduate, seks. companion (m.) for fortnight's holiday Spain, end July or early Aug. Box 8224.

WOULD anyone help? Girl stud. reqs. room in exch. baby-sitting. Box 8203.

BACHELOR (49), Merchant Navy, invites suggestns. congen. hol. party abt. Aug. 14/28. Regret delay replying. Box 8189.

PROVENCE: new flat, fully furn., 3 people, July-Sept. £20 monthly payable London. Planel, R. Ferry, Arles s/Rhône.

SEPTEMBER Holiday: Informal, leisurely coach tour. Superb route through French Alps, Italian Riviera. Leaves August 28. £38 inclusive. Details Box 8368.

STUDENT (m., 21), London, wide exp., speaks French, seeks interesting post anywhere for part of vac. July.-Sept. Box 8345.

CATS boarded. Comfortable quarters, good food, Collected & returned if required. Hilton, Hilton Cottage, Grove Lane, Chalfont St. Peter. Gerrards Cross 2913.

MOTHER'S Help offers services exchange pocket money and language help. German student. Box 7783.

AU Pair. Young educ. foreign girls, willing help with children & light housework, pocket money, immed. avail. & summer 3 months. Refs. exchd. Educ. Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., London, S.W.7.

**PERSONAL—continued**

AGRICULTURAL worker, leaseholder 11 acres, needs working capital. Suggestions welc. Barron, Radwinter, Essex.

DR. Juris Grossel, Melle/Osnabruck, Engelgarten, Germany (British Zone) wishes send his son, age 19, leaving High School, to an English family for July. Would receive English boy in his family July/August.

HAPPY home life with family required for Roman Catholic girl of 14 attending Grammar School. Wood Green, Friern Barnet, Palmers Green district. Further information from Children's Officer, Middlesex County Council, 10 Gt. George St., S.W.1.

OUR Personal Service. Small escorted Parties are outstanding but we also offer an unrivalled Independent Holiday Service and plan especially for you. Our Illus. Booklet will interest you. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

TUTOR (educ. Oxford and Continent) offers English conversation in exchange for French or German. London or nr. Box 7781.

FILM stories wanted, fiction only. Send synopsis only to Box 8480.

JEAN-PIERRE (age 17) wishes accom. good family, July. HIL. 5169.

YOUNG lady teaches French privately. Moderate terms. Greaves, 3 Fursecroft, George St., W.1. AMB. 4686.

OWNER (m.) A.40 Convertible going June 17, 3 weeks, Provence, French Swiss Alps, has one seat available. Box 8487.

GYPSY caravan, tradnl. decor., with or without sound horse. £250/£200. Elsan, spring mattress. Seen Cambridge. Write Robinson, 266 Kingsbury Rd., Birmingham 24.

MAJORCA. To let furnished for June, July, August or any part thereof, entirely self-contained part of house consisting of hall, kitchen, sitting room, double bedroom, bathroom. Service available. Situated on hill with superb view of mountains and only 10 minutes walk from the town, from which trams run to the sea in 20 minutes. Rent equivalent £2 weekly. Apply Mrs. Powell, 92 Oakwood Court, London, W.14.

MAJORCA. July/Aug. vacs.; private house. 4½*gns*. wkly. incl. FLA. 8667.

RICCIONE: completing exciting, econ. priv. Jewish holiday party. Ages 18/30. Departing July 25, 15 days. 1st cl. Hotel, £39 incl. Bus. hrs. BAY. 4961/Box 8196.

HOL. pty., prof. people, studs., intsted. sport/dancing. Vacs. Aug. Box 8170.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 7963.

ITALY. Transport available for 2, mid-July. Return mid-Aug. Box 8413.

CULTURED Spaniard wishing improve English seeks post or au pair accom. London preferred. Box 8410.

WORK wanted anywhere, June/July by Arts grad. (25 yrs.), experienced secretary. Please write Box 8409.

FRENCH Children wish to come to England as Paying Guests in English families. If you would like to receive a boy or girl in your home, write to B.U.S., 69a Kings Road, London, S.W.3.

MARRIED, not mummified, young ex-woman's editor seeks part-time lit./journalistic work. PRI. 9650/Box 8535.

ENTERPRISING Drama Group seeks to hire hall central London with platform where own portable stage framework could be erected. Tel. WEL. 3001.

WILL any family or philanthropic association give kindly & understanding home to homeless female (Artist), recovering from nervous disability? No nursing. Highest recommendations. Very genuine & urgent case. Applicant could give secretarial/gardening/other light help. K. Miller, Burden Institute, Stapleton, Bristol. Tel. 541131.

MUSIC Festival Tours to Salzburg, Bayreuth, Munich and Edinburgh, arranged by the National Union of Students. Prices include tickets for Festival performances. Write now for full information on our Summer Programme to N.U.S. Travel Department, 3 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1. EUSton 2184.

PHOTOGRAPHER, young in spirit, but slightly greying, is glad to meet professional women who usually loathe the camera. Fanfares and Fireworks for attractive ingénues. John Vickers. Tel.: VICtoria 4915.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance, etc.). Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

COMPANIONABLE sailing holiday with tuition. South Devon. August. Four Winds, Highfield, Letchworth, Herts.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WELbeck 6655, for details.

LECTURERS? Write for Foyles Lecture Agency's new 114-page list of speakers. It includes Sir Mortimer Wheeler, Lady Barnett, Sir John Rothenstein, Mr. A. G. Street, Sir Stephen Tallents, Mr. A. J. P. Taylor and many other speakers suitable for literary societies' and luncheon clubs' meetings. Foyles Lecture Agency, 125 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2. (GERrard 5660.)

**PERSONAL—continued**

THE pale pink light of the Greek Islands-Naples-Capri-Athens—a wonderful sea journey from 15 days, only 44*gns*. inclusive, also Spain-Balearics-Canaries by the U.K. general agents of the Transmediterranean Line. Rail, sea, air, coach. Olivers of Mayfair specialise in high-class holidays at low prices. Our booklets will save you pounds. Olivers Travels, 16 Cork St., London, W.1.

WHITSUN Holidays: join a cheerful Whitsun party to the bracing Norfolk Coast, Whit Weekend £5 19s. 6d. Also Whitsun party to the Costa Brava. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

ITALIAN Adriatic. Modern villa to let furnished, Milano-Marittima, Cervia, in pinewood, sea 300 yds. 3 bedrooms (7 beds), living-room, kitchen, bath, terrace, garage, garden. Sept., £12 wkly inc. light, water, gas. Delaney, 41 Mowbray Rd. N.W.6. WIL. 0591.

IT is never too late for a summer holiday in Madeira! Madeira island has sunshine, warmth and flowers the whole year round. Swimming, boating, fishing and many outdoor recreations. The magnificent scenery of this colourful resort, the charm and friendliness of the people, all go to make Madeira a favourite among holiday makers. Full details from Casa de Portugal, 20 Lower Regent St., W.1, your travel agent, or write direct to Delegacao de Turismo da Madeira, Funchal.

LIEGE. International Socialist Youth Camp July 4-16, 14*gns*. Other camps and centres abroad at amazingly cheap rates. Write for "Youth Holidays" Brochure. I.U.S.Y., 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1. Tel. ABBey 6894.

LITTLE-known place Fr. Riviera (St. Tropez Gulf) offers good-food holiday, £1 day, inc. Almost-private sandy beach. La Gabelle, beautfl. wooded camp, sleep tents or comf. chalets; open-air charm without luxury. Bagda, La Gabelle, St. Pons les Meures, Var, France, or 'phone HAM. 7348/PAD. 6826.

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TRANS-Sahara travelling companion wanted. Writer proceeding on study-tour November 1 to January 1. Algiers, Hoggar, Kano, Chad, Fezzan, Tripoli, by jeep, requires partner to share expenses. Box 7980.

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P.S. Pearls cast by Harold Ingham before "New Statesman" readers have been gathered in with discriminating enthusiasm, which is reassuring and gratifying to all concerned. Therefore very few summer Schools parties are not now fully booked. However, you may still be fortunate if you apply quickly to 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow.

**MISCELLANEOUS**

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## ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tues.-Fri., 7.45, Sat. 6 & 8.30 (Sun. Club May 30, 7.45). "An Enemy of the People." Ibsen.

ARTS. 7 (ex. M.) St. Sun 5 & 8. "The Impresario from Smyrna." Mem. 10s. yr.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391)—"Land of the Living," by Leonard Irwin, Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays, 7.30.

LONDON Jewish Society.—Rehearsed reading of a well-known modern American play by The Ben Uri Drama Group, 14 Portman St., W.1, Thursday, June 3, 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

IRVING, Leic. Sq. WHI. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 10.30, Sun. 9.30. Intimate Revue.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until May 30: Louis Jouvet in "Dr. Knock" (U). From May 31: Claude Laydu in "The Diary of a Country Priest" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank, WAT. 3232. Sat., May 29. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, in "Major Barbara" (A). 1.15, 3.30, 5.45, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Palace. ADV. 3520. Sun., May 30, 7.30. "Fan Fan La Tulipe" (A).

HAMMERSMITH Film Society. Notice to members, "La Kermesse Heroique" will precede the Annual General Meeting, 7.15, June 3. Guest tkts. 2s. 6d., advance only. Sec., Town Hall, W.6. RIV. 6011.

ASIAN Film Society presents Japanese film "Tora-no-o" by the director of "Rashomon" (English sub-titles) and Indian mythological film "Har Har Mahadeo" (synopsis in English). Sat., June 5, 7 p.m. at Scala Theatre. Tickets in advance only. Adm. 2s. 6d. & 4s. 6d. Mem. subs. half-yearly 5s. Applic. A.F.S., 33 Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

WILLIAM Wellman's "Roxie Hart" and "Le Mans 1952," presented by Ilford New Era Film Society (Val. 8406), 7.30 p.m., Sunday, May 30. Ilford Town Hall.

POPULAR Science. All-colour Soviet film show. Solar Eclipse; Crimean Botanical Gardens; Agricultural News; Moscow Zoo; etc. Tues., June 1, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Admission 2s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 2s.).

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League Dance, Saturday, May 29, 7.30-11 p.m., St. Mary's Church Hall, 34, Crawford St., Marylebone (nr. Classic Cinema, Baker St.), W.1. Tickets 3s. 6d.

J.A.C. Dance by Candlelight. Curtis Shelley & Sensational Clavioline. Candlelight Bar. Members and Friends. Wednesdays and Saturdays, 8 p.m. 1 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6 (Finchley Rd. Station). MAIda Vale 9457.

"HYPHEN" May Dance. Novelties, friendly Continental Jew. atmosphere. Aver. age 21-35. All welc. 3 Circus Rd., N.W.8. Sat., May 29, 7.30. Non-mem. 5s.

I.C.A., Saturday, May 29, 8-11 p.m. Dancing to Dave De Vere Group. Mems. 3s. Guests 5s. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Membership invited.

H.W.O.S. Grand Dance, May 29, Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, 7.30 p.m. Adm. 6s. 6d. Licensed Bar. Buffet.

WHIT Saturday Dance, June 5, from 7-11, at the Porchester Hall, Porchester Road, W.2. Don Raine Young and His Music; light refmts., licensed bar. Tickets 4s. 6d. from the National Council for Civil Liberties, 46 Westbourne Gr., W.2. BAY. 1984, or at door.

## CONCERTS

NEW London Quartet. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sat., May 29, at 8.15. Beethoven (Razumovsky) Quartet in C, Op. 59, No. 3; Walton Quartet in A minor; Brahms Quartet in B flat, Op. 67. WAT. 3191.

BACH—"Musical Offering" and Brandenburg Concerto No. 5 in D. London Harpsichord Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sat. June 5, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

## EXHIBITIONS

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood, London. Exhibition of early Wedgwood. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

SCULPTURE In The Open Air, Holland Park, Kensington High St. Daily 10—dusk from May 29. Adm. 1s. 3d., Child. 9d.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. New paintings by Patrick Heron; also continuation of Abstract Exhibition. 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes June 5.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Georges Braque—Paintings & Drawings from English collections, supplemented by Lithographs and Engravings 1909-1933. Members free, non-members 1s. 6d.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. At 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free. At the Wellcome Research Institution, 183-193 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibition: The Life and Work of Paul Ehrlich. Daily (Sat. & Sun. exc.) 10-5. Admission free.

## EXHIBITIONS—continued

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. June 10: An Evening Reception. Goya Drawings. An Arts Council Exhibition at 4 St. James' Square. Spanish music. 8.30-12. Tickets 25s. members, 30s. guests (including wine). June 17: Students of the Royal College of Art invite members to hear Raymond Mortimer, Prof. Coldstream, Prof. Moynihan and Robert Melville give a Criticism of the Sketch Club. Sherry and Sandwiches. Tickets 7s. June 29: Members are invited by the Folk Song & Dance Society to a special C.A.S. party to see the large mural by Ivon Hitchens. Sherry. Mrs. Lucy Wertheim invites members to see part of her Private Collection. C.A.S. membership from 1 *guinea* a year. Apply Tate Gallery, S.W.1.

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DESIGN at Home. Artists and Architects for Peace present drawings, furniture, pottery and textiles by Brizzi, Briglin Pottery, Gerald Holtom, Edwin LaDell, Clive Latimer, William Newland, O'Connell, Michael Rothenstein, Taslitsky, Nicholas Vergette, etc., on view at 19 Carlingford Road (Hampstead Tube), London, N.W.3. 2.30-8 p.m., May 27-30. All works for sale.

ITALIAN Institute, 39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Show Window of Italian Contemporary Art: first Exhibition: 9 painters from Rome. May 25-July 10. Mon.-Fri., 10-1; 2.30-8; Sat. 10-1.

WOMEN in the Theatre 1669-1954—Book Exhibition; Fawcett Society, 50 Tufton St., Westminster. May 28, 29 and 31. 11.30-6.30. Admission 1s.

SCULPTURE in the Home. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Closes May 29. Fri., Sat. 10-6. Admission 1s.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. Barbara Hepworth Retrospective Exhibition: Carvings and Drawings, 1927-1954. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free. Extended one week until June 13.

RENEL Gallery, 40-41 Burlington Arcade, W.1. "Montparnasse-Londres": Paintings by Blond, Dobrinsky, Krémègne. Daily 10-5.30 p.m., Sats. 10-1 p.m.

SLATTER Gallery. Exhibition Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat., 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Sculpture by Michael Werner, Paintings by St. John Woods. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq., Pictures for Hire, recent additions to A.I.A. Picture Lending Library. 11-6 daily, Sats. included.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Roussel-Bonnard-Vuillard. Until June 12. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

HEAL'S New Designs, 1954. Exhibition of furniture, fabrics, pottery, carpets, etc., by leading designers. Fourth floor. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. New Sculptures by Reg Butler. Until June 4.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

MANET & His Circle. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till June 7. Weekdays 10-6 (Tue. & Thur. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Sandra Blow, and First Exhibition by Peter Kinley.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. John Craxton, Charles Dufresne (1876-1938), and Denton Welch (1915-1948). 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

POLISH Architecture. A survey of post-war reconstruction in Poland with detailed plans, photographs and models. R.I.B.A., 66 Portland Pl., W.1. Till June 4. Weekdays 10-7, Sats. 10-5. Adm. free. Programme of architectural films on Tuesday, June 1. Details next column.

## EXHIBITIONS—continued

W. KATZ Gallery. Paintings by E. Tomlinson. May 24 to June 6, 10-5, Saturdays 10-1. 11 Old Bond St., W.1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Paintings by Jacob Bornfriend and Leonard Rosoman.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

TWO architects just returned from Poland will introduce a programme of architectural films at the Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Pl., W.1, at 8 p.m., Tuesday, June 1. Films will include "Warsaw Lives Again" and "The Work of Master Stwosz" (the famous 15th-C. altar-piece from St. Mary's Church, Cracow). Adm. free.

CIVIL Liberties in U.S.A., talk by Patrick Malin, Director of American Civil Liberties Union; Chairman, James Callaghan, M.P. Caxton Hall, Mon., May 31, 7.30. 1s. 6d.

"AFRICA To-day." Peter Abrahams, noted author, Sunday, May 30, 7.30 Afro-West Indian Soc., 245 Harrow Rd. W.2.

"TRIBUTE to Agatha Harrison." Krishna Menon, Lord Pethick-Lawrence and others. Mon., May 31, Caxton Hall, Westminster, 6 p.m.

TENANTS Without Landlords. Soviet Housing Law. D. Veall, Chair: D. N. Pritt, Q.C. Wed., June 2, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 1s.).

GERMAN Rearmament. Private meeting (adm. free) restricted to G.M.C. members of Labour Parties in London and Middlesex, at the Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd., this Saturday, May 29, 2.15 p.m.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sunday, May 30, 8.15. Drama: "Acting in Opera" by Christopher West. Chairman: Anthony Hopkins (in co-operation with Pegasus Theatre Soc.). Mems. 2s., guests 3s. Mem. invited.

ASIAN Music Circle. Annual memb. 5s. Fri., June 11, 8.30. Imperial Institute, S. Ken., on Indian music; Raga Bhairavi and sound films. Admission & refreshments: members 1s. 6d., guests 3s. Apply at door or write Sec., 18 Fitzalan Rd., London, N.3. Tel. FINchley 2934.

PUSHKIN Club, Academy House, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Friday, May 28, 8 p.m. Mr. Friedeberg Seeley: "Dramatic Verse of Pushkin."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., May 30. Dr. Helen Rosenau, "Utopian Visions." Adm. free. Handbills on request.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays 7 p.m. May 30: "Through Reincarnation to Divinity."

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. 7.15 p.m., Tonight, Friday, May 28. Hector Hawton. "The Strategy of the 'H' Bomb." Friday, June 4. No mtg.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Public Lecture, 6.30 p.m., Wed., June 2: "The Man Who Woke Up," Mr. M. O'C. Walshe.

G. E. O'DELL: "London in 1954." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., May 30, 6.30.

"PORTRAIT of Josephine Butler." Mr. A. S. G. Butler speaks at the Caxton Hall on June 3, 3.30 p.m. All welcome.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (Holborn), Thurs., June 3, 7.30: "The Upanishads."

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesdays 6.30. Caxton Hall. Subject for June 1: "The Power Behind the Mind." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free.

## LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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## LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon: "The Raw Materials of Social Psychology" and "Writing Our Own Music," June 18-20. (Whitsun 10 days: "The Art of Living.")

SIX Lectures tracing the History of the Development of Economic Thought. Weekly, Wednesdays, 7 p.m.-9 p.m., commencing June 9. Fee for complete course, 1gn. School of Economic Science, 11 Suffolk St., Haymarket, London, S.W.1. TRA. 6415.

BIRKBECK College (University of London). Session 1954-1955 begins Monday, October 4, 1954. Part-time (Evening) Courses provided for Internal Degrees in the Faculties of Arts and Science and for the Academic Post-Graduate Diploma in Psychology. Facilities also provided for part-time and full-time students reading for Higher Degrees in Arts and Science. Application form, to be returned by June 1, obtainable from the Registrar, Birkbeck College, Malet Street, W.C.1.

NEWBATTLE Abbey Adult Residential College, Dalkeith, Midlothian, is now open for applications from prospective students for session 1954-55, commencing October 4, 1954. The purpose of the College is to provide a suitable non-vocational education for adults over 18 years of age. It offers courses in English Language and Literature, History, Economics and Economic History, including Trade Union History, Philosophy, Psychology, Government and Political Theory, Human Relations in Industry, and aims to fit students to take their place as good citizens with a knowledge of our free heritage. For further information apply to the Warden: Edwin Muir, C.B.E., LL.D., Ph.D., D. es L., F.R.S.L., Newbattle Abbey College, Dalkeith.

SCHOOL of Economics, Dundee. Application may now be made for entry to the following courses in October, 1954: B.Sc. (Econ.) London with Honours in Economics or Economic History or Industry and Trade. Post-Graduate Diploma in Business Administration. The School of Economics is to be incorporated in the University of St. Andrews within the next two years. Arrangements will be made for providing students who have not completed their courses by the time the University takes over the School with special instruction to enable them to complete their work for the London Degree. Application forms and copies of the Calendar may be obtained from the Secretary, School of Economics, Bell Street, Dundee.

B.Sc. Econ. London University. Courses of Study for this and various other London Univ. Degrees and Diplomas are provided by University Correspondence College, founded 1887. Low fees; instalments. Prosp. from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

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